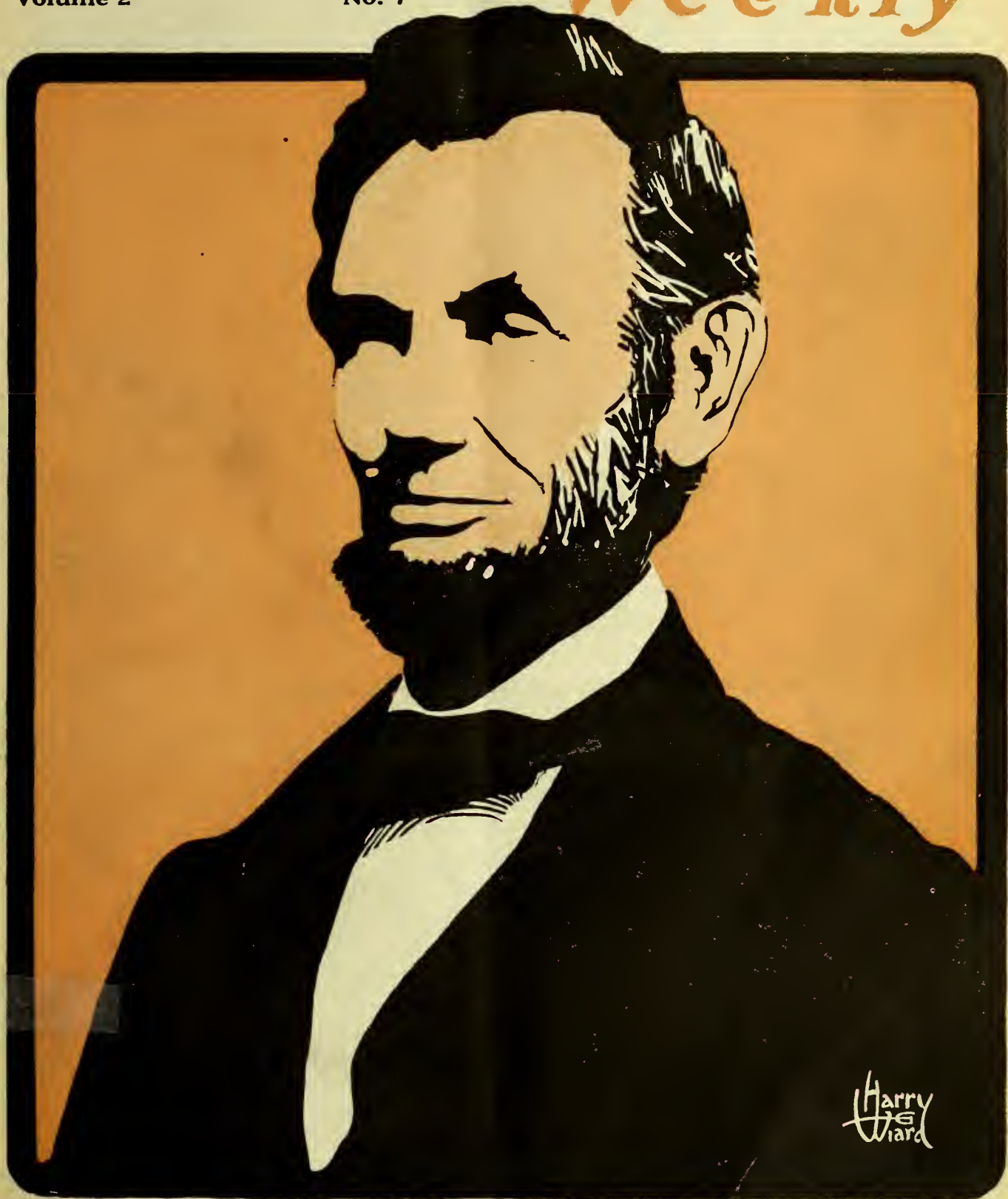


# *The* **American Legion** *Weekly*

FEBRUARY 13, 1920

Volume 2

No. 7

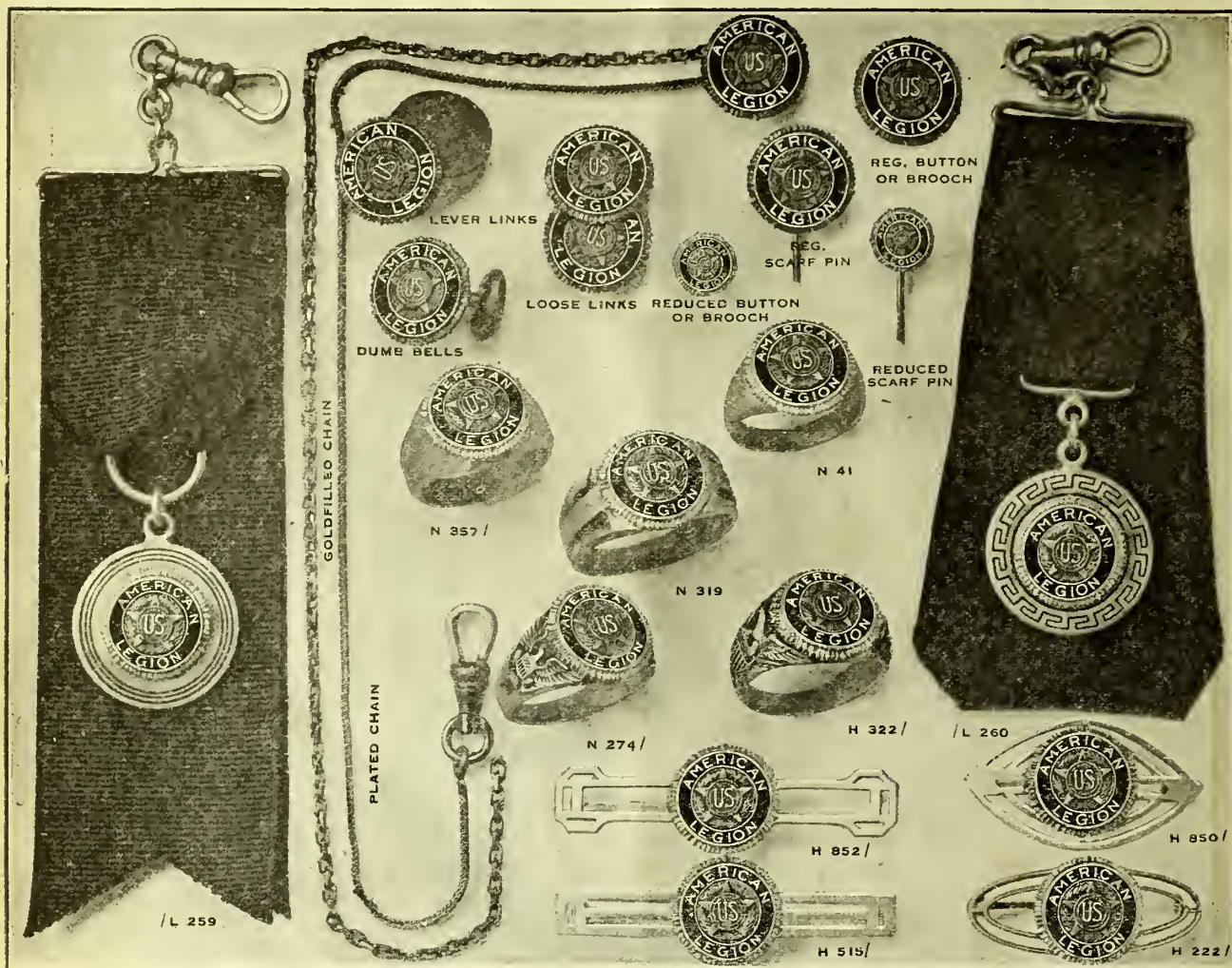


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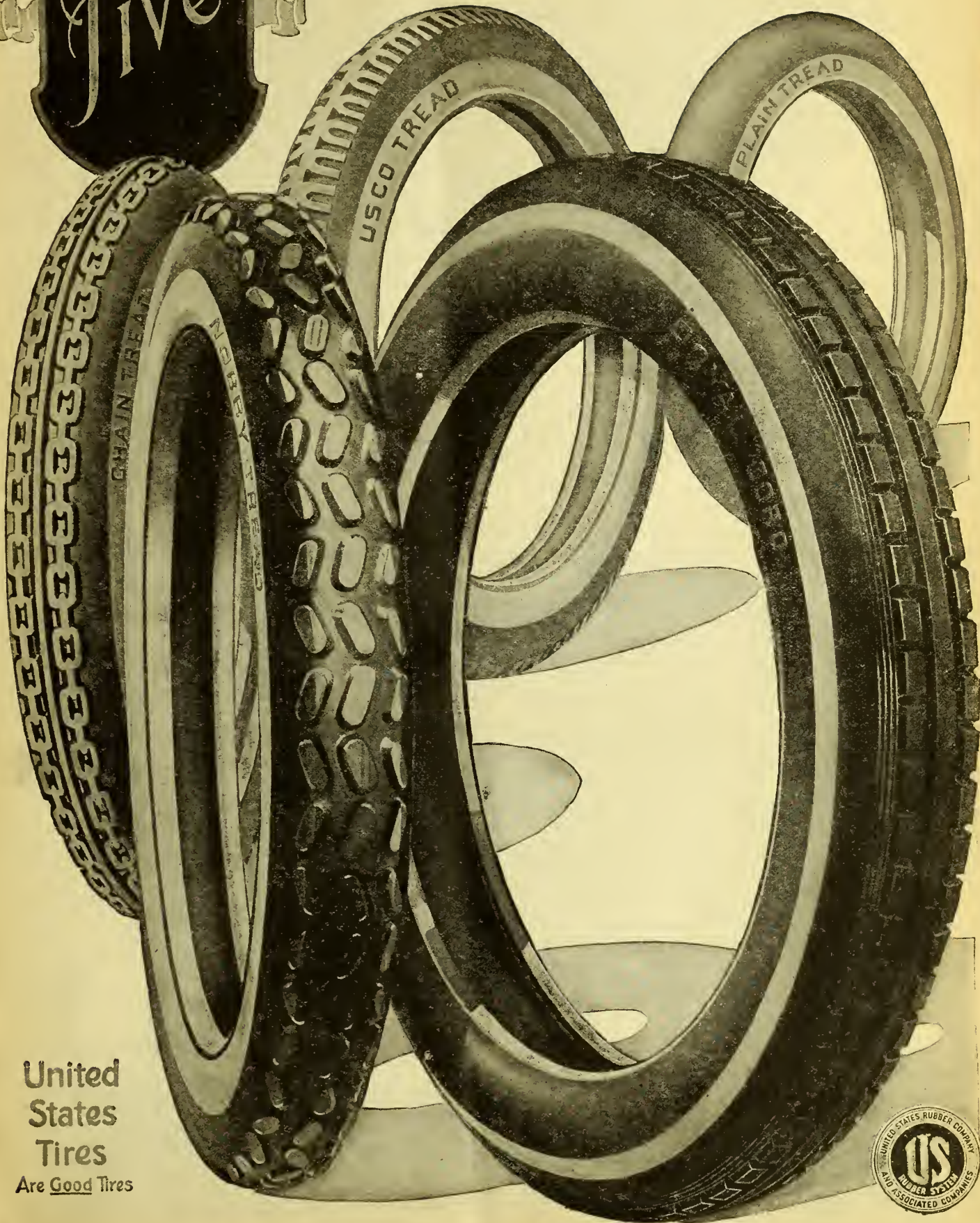
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The AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY  
for FEBRUARY 13, 1920





United  
States  
Tires  
Are Good Tires







## Autocars solve problem for big New England grocery house

S. S. Pierce Company, Importers and Grocers, of Boston, are steadily increasing their fleet of Autocar Motor Trucks to care for the spreading out of their delivery territory because of the movement of population into the suburbs.

They bought their first Autocar seven years ago. Today they own thirty-five.

The business of the S. S. Pierce Company has greatly increased during the past year, showing, among other things, that the public appreciates reliable delivery service.

**Chassis (1½-2 ton)**

**\$2300** 97-inch Wheelbase

**\$2400** 120-inch Wheelbase

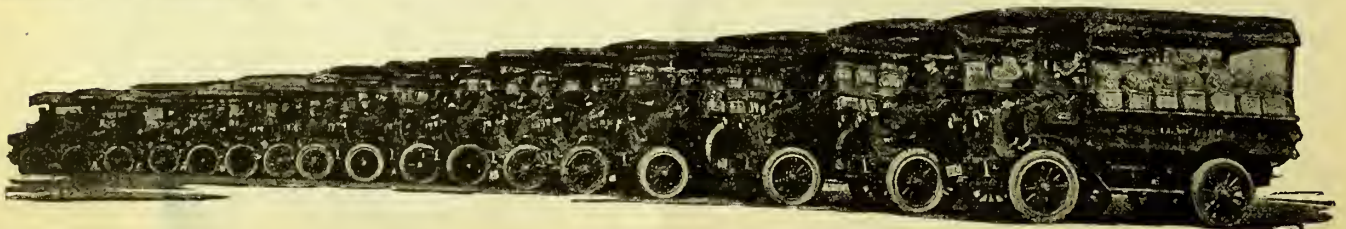
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## Bottling up the A. E. F.

The Adventures of an Accredited Correspondent with the Army Censors Abroad

**B**EFORE taking up my own experiences with press censors in the World War, it seems fair to state my belief that in any future war censors should be newspaper men and civilians. The moment the censor is given rank he becomes part of the army and cannot even use reason as to his censoring. It has more than once occurred that a censor has agreed with me that common-sense would permit and even dictate the sending home of some particular story but that orders from above stood absolutely in the way. The censor has even sent a story of mine to G. H. Q. to get a ruling, and had it refused transmission.

Incidentally, that particular story was the story of some commissions which had been given to men of the Yankee Division. On the day the story came back from Chaumont, I happened to see pasted up on the wall of regimental headquarters the identical story, written in much more detail than I had written it, and illustrated with portraits, clipped from a *Boston Globe* three weeks old and mailed across to us. I cite the example here as showing the futility of the censorship.

I imagine from what little I know

of the regular army that the proposition that the censorship ought also to ride hard on the army and by a wholesome regard for public opinion keep it going straight, would be thought by army men to be debatable. Or, rather, it would even be debatable.

Since returning to the United States I have written what I had to write very

By FRANK P. SIBLEY

guardedly, lest somebody say, "Ah, here is a sore-headed correspondent, finally free from the censor, and getting even." And now that I am asked to tell my experiences, it seems fair to cite myself. I have been told by an officer of G2D, which was the press bureau of the intelligence section at general headquarters, that I was held in that office to be as straight-dealing and fair-playing, using as good judgment as any correspondent on the job.

My paper ordered me to try to go as a correspondent in August, 1917, as soon as it was known that a New Eng-

but as a correspondent to stay with one division. I should not clog up the facilities either of transmission—since I was to use only the mail, not the cable; nor of transportation—since I should live with the division and not at press headquarters.

**I** EXPLAINED that New England is really an intensely local section of the country, and that aside from the right of the people at home to have all possible news of their own boys, a great deal of such news that would reach the New England papers would otherwise necessarily be the product of soldier pens in private letters. Such news, because the soldier would rarely have opportunity to investigate, would often be mere rumor; it would be actually better for a trained newspaper man to be allowed to send it.

These things I presented to Secretary Baker. His only reply was that General Pershing has asked that no more correspondents be sent over. There were at the time, I believe, nineteen accredited American correspondents in France.

I replied that I believed, if my case could be presented to Pershing himself, he would see that it was a reasonable and

proper request and a patriotic and worth-while thing to encourage. I then asked Mr. Baker whether, if Pershing agreed that I should be accredited, would the department be willing to accredit me. To this Mr. Baker, smiling, said that the department was leaving the whole matter in General Pershing's hands.



*Frank P. Sibley, of the Boston Globe, was attached to the 26th Division. He believes the censorship should be a civilian function.*

land division was to be formed. I went to Washington and interviewed Secretary Baker, first getting approval from Major General McIntyre, then the head of the censorship, and Major General McCain, then adjutant general. To each of them I explained that I wished to be accredited, not as a correspondent covering the whole American force,



"You would be willing, then, if he agreed?" I asked.

"Yes," said Mr. Baker, and that was all I had to go abroad on.

The next problem was getting a passport. I regret to say that under the circumstances I felt obliged to bluff the government of the United States. I could have done it as easily if I had been a German spy.

I went to the passport bureau of the State Department and said: "My name is Sibley of the *Boston Globe*. I have just come from an interview with Mr. Baker in the War Department. I am going to France as a correspondent. I want to sail on a ship leaving New York on Friday; to do so, I shall have to ask you to hurry my passports up for me. Can you help me out?"

I didn't tell any lie, but I did leave the passport bureau a chance to make an inference. It made it.

ARRIVING in Paris on September 23, I called on Lieutenant Greene on September 24, in my innocence supposing I should be allowed to go to Pershing and place my case before him. I found that nothing could be done until I should have seen Major Frederick Palmer, then chief censor in France for the A. E. F.

Major Palmer is the most famous living war correspondent. He has had an experience that is the envy of all newspaper men; he has won the highest possible standing among the great men of the world; he is a fascinating writer, a skilled military critic, and a golden talker. But when I succeeded in seeing him, after a wait of more than two weeks, and when I had laid my case before him, he said, "No, I don't believe you will be allowed to join your division. We aren't going to have generals coming over here and bringing their private press agents."

The shock was so great that I considered for some days abandoning my assignment altogether and coming back to tell in print on what basis the people in the States were being denied word of their boys' fate. Later on, to another correspondent, the censor said, "Well, so far nobody has got any advertising out of this war but Pershing."

This was in reference to a rule then existing, that no name could be sent home for publication except that of the commanding general. The other correspondents made so strong a protest that the rule was relaxed. A list of nine major generals was then made out

and their names allowed to be sent home.

From September until January, I was tied up in Paris. Despairing of accreditation in the regular fashion I discovered that there was a class of "visiting correspondents." I applied for admission to this class and was permitted to make one visit of two days to the Twenty-sixth Division, then in training in the Vosges, with headquarters at Neufchateau. I was refused permission to visit the artillery, which was training at Coetquidan. Just why, I never discovered.

On the excuse of hunting up my baggage—which I had sent over with the division—I got a second visit, in November, also of two days. In the

supply was completely exhausted, I got work on the Paris edition of the *Chicago Tribune*.

On January 5, I had a reply signed by General Harbord permitting me to join the division at Neufchateau. The letter, dated December 28, was written by Captain Mark Watson, one of the hardest-working, most sincere and earnest staff officers I met in France.

The change of attitude puzzled me. Later on, I learned that I had been investigated and followed by secret service men on the theory that I was a member of the I. W. W. or a political agent. Chance remarks to Lieutenant Greene had apparently gone wrong. And the real reason I was admitted to the work was that George Patullo of the *Saturday Evening Post*, who was once a Boston newspaper man, told the authorities that I was all right!

Correspondents were required to sign an agreement to abide by the rules of the censorship and to submit all copy to the censor, even personal letters. This agreement I kept rigidly in letter and in spirit until the very end, when I absolved myself from this promise and then censored my own stuff.

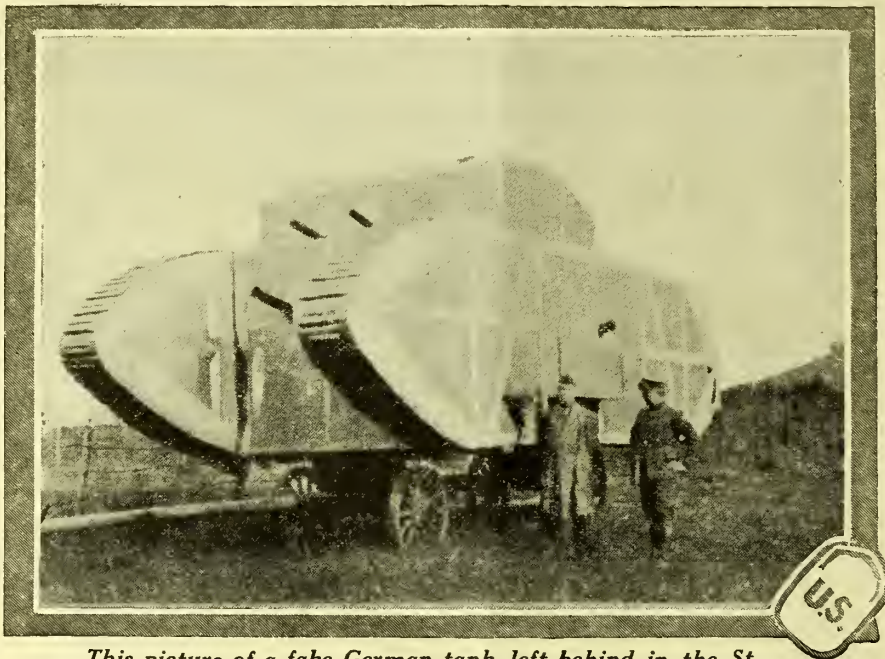
At the beginning, a set of rules was given to correspondents, and subsequently changed in almost every particular.

Changes came so fast and so regularly that I was never sure just what the rules were.

IT soon became apparent that the censor could not—or at any rate did not effectively—punish the correspondent who was willing to break his word and to evade the rules. Nor could the censor protect the men who kept the rules from being beaten by their less scrupulous colleague.

At the end of January, the Twenty-sixth Division was ordered to the front, to go into a practice sector on the Chemin des Dames. By this time I had learned somewhat the art of maneuvering, and I had learned also the necessity for it. I knew that if I asked permission to go with the division straight out, I probably should be refused.

The Yankees were to go under command of a French army. There was a French liaison officer in the press headquarters, a Captain Viel Castel, and I asked him if he could get me permission to make the trip to the front with the Twenty-sixth Division on condition that I should return to Neufchateau as soon as the division had arrived in sector.



**This picture of a fake German tank, left behind in the St. Mihiel salient, was held up by the censor because he thought it was a fake Allied tank.**

meantime the French authorities—for I had reported myself to their *Maison de la Presse*—had offered me a trip to the French front, from Rheims to Verdun, and another to the Belgian front. The treatment accorded me by the French—they encouraged me to carry my camera—was in such strong contrast to that which I received from the American high command that I have never forgotten it.

IN December, Joe Ward, of the *Denver Post*, and Heywood Broun, of the *New York Tribune*, went home, leaving two vacancies on the list of regularly accredited correspondents. I suggested to Major Palmer that I be allowed to apply for one of these vacancies, and that I make a final appeal direct to General Harbord, then Pershing's chief of staff. I wrote to General Harbord under date of December 3.

By this time the *Boston Globe*, having had no copy in four months, began to believe that I was not to be allowed to join the division and began cabling me to return. I replied, "Inadvisable to return at present," and not daring to ask for more money, though my



This permission he undertook to give me himself. The division went in and I spent a night in a front-line trench.

To come back, I had first to *chercher* transportation from the front into Soissons, thence take a train to Paris, then another to Gondrecourt. And while I was in Soissons, I went to the French army headquarters, told them my situation and asked permission to stay with the Twenty-sixth while it was in sector. It was immediately granted.

Back at Neufchateau, I asked for permission to go up and stay. To make the proposition more attractive, I offered to represent not only the *Boston Globe*, but also the *Stars and Stripes*. That paper was just beginning business, and Captain Viskniskki, who had been with press headquarters, was going to edit it. He asked me to send in a story from the Yankee Division every week, and, naturally, a request from an officer in the censorship to a correspondent who was trying to win his footing came pretty near being an order. I may add that I not only wrote a weekly story for which I was not paid but I had, in addition, to carry it to Paris myself and pay the expenses of the trip out of my own pocket.

To make my case stronger still, I offered to represent not only the *Boston Globe* and the *Stars and Stripes*, but every newspaper in the United States. That is, instead of making three copies of each story I wrote—one for the censorship files, and two to be mailed separately in case of one being lost en route—I would make four, the fourth copy to be put on the table at press headquarters for the use of any correspondent who might wish to use my facts.

There was an interesting sequel to this, for the special correspondents said they did not care for the stories if the news associations were to have access to them, and the news association men came to me to say the stuff was of no use to them if the specials were to be allowed to send it. And every one of my colleagues said the same thing—"this is very fine of you, but where is there any percentage in it for you?" I never explained the real point.

Duty became trying, for a weekly trip to Paris, one to Neufchateau and often one to Chaumont, cut down terribly the time available for actually getting to the units of the division. A steady and planned campaign had results, however, and along in the spring of 1918

we were permitted to send the names of enlisted men, "if in the judgment of the censor the story is made by the use of the name and is valueless without, and if it does not involve the disclosure of units."

Stepping for a moment out of the chronology of the tale, let me point out some of the odd places to which this rule about names led. In the beginning, men were forced by the censorship to date their letters "Somewhere in France." They tried all sorts of ingenious ways of letting their families know they were in the Jeanne d'Arc region, most of which were stopped. Then some genius discovered that they could send home picture post cards

situation: soldiers writing letters home for private consumption could name officers but not places. Correspondents writing stories for publication could name places but not officers. In one envelope I could send a personal letter talking freely about General Edwards, Colonel Logan and Colonel Hume, but it must not be dated at a known town. In the same envelope could go an article with a date-line, but any names would be carefully censored out. Of course the papers in Boston were constantly getting news from the relatives of soldiers and beating me at my own game.

VERY early in the campaign the boys began to do heroic things. When I

wrote them, the censor would consider them carefully, and "in his judgment" pass them. But presently he complained. He said, "You seem to want to use a name in every story." It seemed hopeless to explain that that was the essence of newspaper reporting.

Later on, however, when the rule was made against mentioning a man's name or telling his story if in the course of his exploit he became a casualty, the explanation had to be given.

The censors told the correspondents of the new rule, and a great protest went

up. "Why can't you tell the story and not give the man's name?" the censor asked.

The correspondents explained that they could sit in front of a Paris cafe and write more heroism than the whole A. E. F. could perform if they weren't tied down to names and places. Then the censor made a Solomon of a suggestion.

"Why can't you give the man's name," said the formal typewritten memorandum to correspondents, "and tell his exploit, but not say that he became a casualty?"

How could one make a man like that understand where a newspaper would rank with the man's family when they found out, months later, from an official report, that their boy had been killed, and that the paper had concealed it. What about the morale of the people at home under treatment like that?

When we got into the counter-offensive, beginning July 18, the censorship had moved to Meaux. The first days of the drive gave the correspondents volumes of incident, all of it splendid. And that very week, out came the *Stars and Stripes* with two front-page stories right out of my own division—the death of Albert Scott of Brookline and that of Captain Frank Leahy.

(Continued on page 22)



**Censors have other qualities besides the ability to determine what news, if published, would be of value to the enemy. This picture of New England soldiers bathing in the Marne at Mery after the Chateau Thierry drive was held up because it was "immodest."**

which showed the square in Neufchateau with the statue of Jeanne in the middle of it and the name of the town plainly printed.

At home, the newspapers were under "voluntary censorship," but the *Boston Herald*, which had no correspondent of its own in France, printed a map of the region where the Yankees were training, with a big arrow pointing to Neufchateau as division headquarters.

To indicate personalities I had used phrases, all of them carefully submitted to and allowed by the censor. I might say "The men from New England," and a little later "the men from Maine" or "from Connecticut." I could say "a colonel who was formerly judge of the South Boston police court" or "a brigadier who enlisted as a private last April." The *Globe* began to interpret these phrases; papers came over in which the description of the colonel would be followed by a note in brackets, in blackface type (Mr. Sibley evidently means Colonel Edward L. Logan), and I trembled. There was no punishment, however.

Later still, I found that correspondents could date their letters for publication and have them passed. Then rose this



# Deaf to the Honeyed Voice

## Veterans Reject Political Candidates of Bouquets and Promises and Demand Men of Performance and Principle

**B**UDDY, they are trying to frame us."

"'Wha'd' you mean, frame us?" Two red chevron men were talking. They had been out of the service just long enough to realize their importance as integral parts of "the people of the United States."

"I mean," went on the first one, "that the politicians are laying for the soldiers and sailors. They want our vote."

"It looks that way to me," agreed his companion. "I've heard a lot of talk about the ex-service man's vote, too."

"I don't know about you, but I know I won't vote for any bird unless he has the goods. From now on, I'll have to be shown," emphatically asserted the first.

"That's the way I feel about it."

Then the conversation switched to other things.

I was sitting next to these men on a street car and naturally overheard what they said. It struck me that even though they may not have been using the best *Americaine*, they were making some very timely and pertinent observations.

This is election year and practically an entire new set of public officials will be chosen. There will be no exceptions—constables, mayors, sheriffs, governors, congressmen, senators, a President, n'everything.

It may be a year of political upheavals. It is sure to be a big year politically. According to all indications, anything may happen next fall. As in former years the professional politicians—political writers, campaign managers big and small, and the ordinary ward bosses—all are agreed that "the coming elections will be the most important in the nation's history."

In the advance calculations a new group of the people are being taken into consideration. In former years the wise campaign manager gave due consideration to the German vote, the Irish vote, the Catholic vote, the Jewish vote, the labor vote and all other real and imaginary class votes. This year they add to their lists the soldier vote. They insist that the soldier and sailor vote must be courted.

**T**HERE were more than 4,000,000 men in the uniform. The war did many things for these men; the service wrought many changes; it shaped many lives anew. Just how much the army and navy influenced them can best be answered by the 4,000,000 themselves. Of one result, however, all are certain. Four million better Americans came out

By LEO R. SACK

of the war than went into it. Four million men today have a greater and finer conception of their duty as citizens of the United States than three years ago. Four million men feel that this is "God's country" more than ever

these men are back in their civvies and the closer the election approaches, the more puzzled becomes the man who would capture the soldier and sailor vote.

What do the veterans want?

In their efforts to entice these 4,000,000 votes in small numbers locally, in large groups and in bulk, the officeholders who would be returned to power are asking themselves this question. At Washington many Congressmen believe they want a bonus; others say a belated accumulated increase in pay. Some think they want a long time loan of money at low interest in order to build themselves a home. Others believe the soldier wants the government to make it possible for him to acquire a small farm on reasonable, advantageous terms. This applies to Washington where there is no unanimity of opinion.

Outside of Washington, at the state capitals and in the larger cities, the official who has his ear to the ground is trying to hear something to indicate what the former service men desire.

What kind of candidate will appeal to them? ask the managers.

To find an answer I have made diligent inquiry. I have talked with many men, in and out of uniform, those who served in the A. E. F., at the front and in the S. O. S., and in the Navy. I chatted with poor unfortunates who could not be spared for duty overseas. I questioned gobs and ensigns, bucks, noncoms and Sam Browne belters.

As I heard their various views I was struck by their accord on the thought expressed in the preamble of the Constitution of The American Legion. The members of the Legion have associated themselves together for the following purpose:

"To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred per cent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness."

**A** CONGRESSMAN who quit his job so that he could enlist, and who as a buck did kitchen police, walked a post and performed other tasks that

(Continued on page 31)



**"If I was willing to stake my life for a principle," says the veteran of the Argonne, "why shouldn't an office-holder risk his job when he is right?"**

before. This is their "own United States," as much theirs as it is yours or mine.

The returned soldier and sailor, listening to honey-voiced orators picking bouquets from the skies, is informed that he and those like him, who wore the uniform in the country's time of peril, will shape the future destinies of the United States. In France he was told that the country was just waiting until he returned in order that certain radical changes could be made. He was reminded of the influence wielded by the Grand Army of the Republic and the United Confederate Veterans. He was so fed up on soldier vote stuff that, had he been inclined to take it seriously, he would have marched from Hoboken and Newport News straight to Washington to demand "toot sweet" action at the White House and the Capitol.

But—and the politicians have learned this—the service vote is not to be stampeded. It is not to be herded like the vote of so many Bolsheviki. The longer



# Service Record Still on the Job

A Tale of the Service Record—Three Million of Them, a Monument to Company Clerks and Other Army Literary Lights, Are Now in Feminine Hands

IN the National Capital there stands a three-story brick building with a stucco disguise, a block long and a block wide—a monument to the diligence of adjutants, top sergeants, company clerks, field clerks and other eminent army literary lights. It is only a temporary monument, to be sure, being one of those monotonous barrack-like structures thrown up in every vacant lot in Washington during the war to house the central offices and archives of our vast war machine. In the fullness of time this will be demolished to give way to a greater and grander structure, more in keeping with the dignity of its function.

High-heeled slippers tread the floors as an infiltrating force of young women move swiftly among the endless ranks of filing cabinets wherein considerably more than three million original specimens of that revered and fugacious document, the army service record, has come to its final resting place. Or perhaps it would be more exact to say, its final abiding place. R. I. P. can never be written over the sarcophagus of the service record.

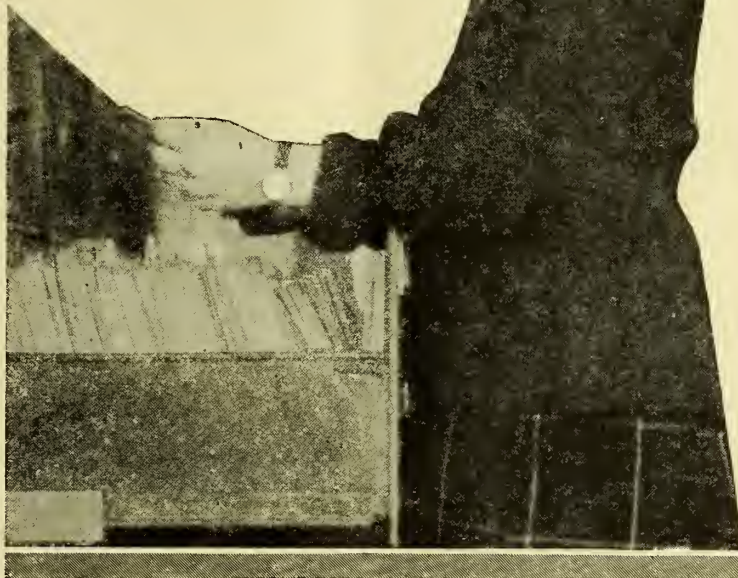
The old record is too intimately associated with the soldier for either of them to be at rest or at peace without the other. You know what it meant for a soldier to lose his service record. No rest for him. The tables have been turned. The service records have lost their soldiers. *Voilà!* No rest for them.

The World War Division of The Adjutant General's Office receives an average of 15,000 inquiries a day of every conceivable nature and from every conceivable source, relating to the affairs of ex-soldiers. In forty-nine out of fifty cases these inquiries are specific, demanding particular information concerning a particular soldier on a particular day. If the answer cannot be found in the man's entombed service record, it is generally necessary to refer to that record for data which will carry the investigator to other files to which the service record is the key.

FROM the fists of the hard-boiled tops and their faithful Boswells, the company clerks who made them, have passed these records in their original form—blotted, stained, crumpled, torn and bearing every evidence of the vicissitudes of bookkeeping with an outfit in

the field—to the fair hands of more than 1,200 young women who comprise the greater part of the force of the World War Division.

In the same envelope with the service record are filed all of the other individual records of the soldier, from the report of physical examination by



© Underwood & Underwood.

**From the fists of hardboiled tops and their faithful Boswells, the company clerks, the service record has passed to feminine hands.**

the local draft board, in the case of inducted men, to the record of physical examination on discharge. Lost pay-books, which brought such tragedy to members of the A. E. F., have been gathered up from all over France and sent in by the box-full.

This record file begins with Barthold O. Abel, private, Medical Corps, of Kearney, Nebr., and winds up with Wladyslaus Zyzyes, Rome, N. Y., private, 312th Infantry. In between are nearly 5,000,000 other names, which is a good many more than ever were in service, since this file includes all who were accepted on first examination by the local draft boards. Likewise it contains records of conscientious objectors, deserters, enemy aliens and others not apt to turn up at a post meeting of the Legion.

Another file, recently completed, is of serial numbers. Frequently the division is asked what soldier had number so-and-so. To demonstrate how the system works the writer was asked to

call out a number. The number called happened to be 3,688,232. In two minutes a young woman brought the information that the soldier who wore those figures on his dog tag was named Isaac Myers. For further information concerning Isaac Myers it would have been necessary to have referred to the service record file. That would give his organization, and in case the service record or accompanying papers did not disclose the desired information the searcher could turn to the file of muster rolls, which are on tap and listed numerically, by organization. Or if the muster roll would not answer the question perhaps it could be found on the morning report of the man's company which also is on file.

SUPPOSE someone should ask the ration strength of Company B, Twenty-third Infantry, for August 3, 1918. It could be found in five minutes. Or failing to discover the whereabouts or status of Private Richard Roe, Company K, 148th Field Artillery, on December 16, 1918, on any other records the mystery might be solved by the morning report with its little entry of: "Pvt. Roe leave to AWOL." The attractions of freedom had proven too

much for Private Roe.

The sorting and arrangement of these records has been a tremendous task, and the task is not complete. An average of a thousand service records a day are still coming in, mostly from demobilization centers. The closing up of accounts in the A. E. F. brought in cargoes of miscellaneous records, lost or left behind by the organizations to which they belonged. They arrived packed in G. I. cans, barrack bags, and boxes of all descriptions. Making head or tale out of this material sometimes is a case for a Sherlock Holmes.

But once made accessible these records comprise a fund of information which will answer almost any question, intelligent or otherwise, that may be asked concerning an ex-service man. Taking up a few letters of inquiry at random reveals the trend of these inquiries. For instance:

A congressman writes in to ask why a certain man is not credited with a wound  
(Continued on page 29)





## Measuring Candidates

**W**HAT sort of an individual candidate is going to appeal to the "soldier vote," the term by which political writers and seers choose to designate the collective ex-service man?

Parties and individual aspirants are struggling with this puzzle. The political writers who are wont to go about the country at this season, peering into the inner recesses of the public mind, admit freely that the soldier vote has them stumped. Some say the ex-service man is not interesting himself to any great extent in politics. All are agreed that no candidate, aspirant, party or issue is justified in assuming any preferred claim on the service man at this time. And, certainly, the 4,800,000 of them are making no organized play for place or preferment.

Leaving the larger phases of the puzzle to be answered by the history of the next fifty years, we assume a simple task in shedding some light on the particular kind of candidate that is going to appeal to the "soldier vote." It would be absolutely platitudinous to remark that he must be a man of unquestioned Americanism. So we will suggest at the outset that in addition to being 100 per cent American he must be 100 per cent man.

If there was any one thing that the man in service learned while in service it was human nature. The man who lived in intimate association with several hundred other men during the trying days of the Great Adventure got pretty well acquainted with most of the weak points and most of the strong points of the human animal. He got so he could appraise a leader at a glance. He learned, often from sad experience, to spot a charlatan, a bluffer, a weakling or a four-flusher, at sight. Men passed for what they were and not for what they said. Words were weighed against deeds. And it may be said in passing that the object of the widest and most earnest contempt in service was that variety of individual familiarly known as the "hot air artist."

**O**NE can readily suspect that this phase of the ex-service man's development is going to spell disaster for a lot of old-type aspirants for political preferment. How many men have winged their way into public office on flights of fancy and bursts of oratory! How many have talked their way upward politically whose only gift was the gift of gab!

Be certain of it that the ex-service man, having learned men, will see and appraise at his true value the man behind the political speech of the future. Substance will have to supplant mere arm waving, hair-tossing political oratory if the ex-service man's serious consideration is to be obtained. The politician whose silver tongue has carried him over the top in many a wordy campaign can know in advance that his real measure is being taken by ex-service men from a standard of measurement that is new and certain.

The upstanding man who has something to say and says it, whose words are a clear index to certain sincere convictions, whose true character indicates that his convictions will be put to action—that is

the sort of candidate that is going to appeal to the "soldier vote," and none others need apply. For which circumstance let the country be duly grateful.

## Congress Listens

**I**F we are able to judge correctly the attitude of Congress on the question of beneficial soldier legislation, it is that of being between the devil and the deep sea. Congressmen, individually, say they favor strongly a fair and equitable readjustment as between those of the 110,000,000 who gave more than their share and those who gave only their share or less than their share in the struggle to keep the Kaiser out of Hoboken. Nearly enough congressmen have introduced bonus bills to carry the pay readjustment measure, if all were of one mind on details. But, on the other hand, the carefully attuned congressional ear senses a public hostility towards adding to the burdensome public debt.

Now that the war debauch has ended in peace, or near-peace, people are calling for the bill. How much do they owe? How are they going to pay it? There is clearly a widespread public demand to know where we stand and get our financial bearings before embarking on large expenditures. This situation is a marked factor in determining the future military policy this session. It may prove a factor in beneficial soldier legislation, although Congress by no means exhibits certainty that the public will countenance delay in passing equitable and proper beneficial soldier legislation.

When Congress makes up its mind on this score, then the question will be answered of what will be done this session—provided summer adjournment has not occurred in the meantime.

## The First Seed

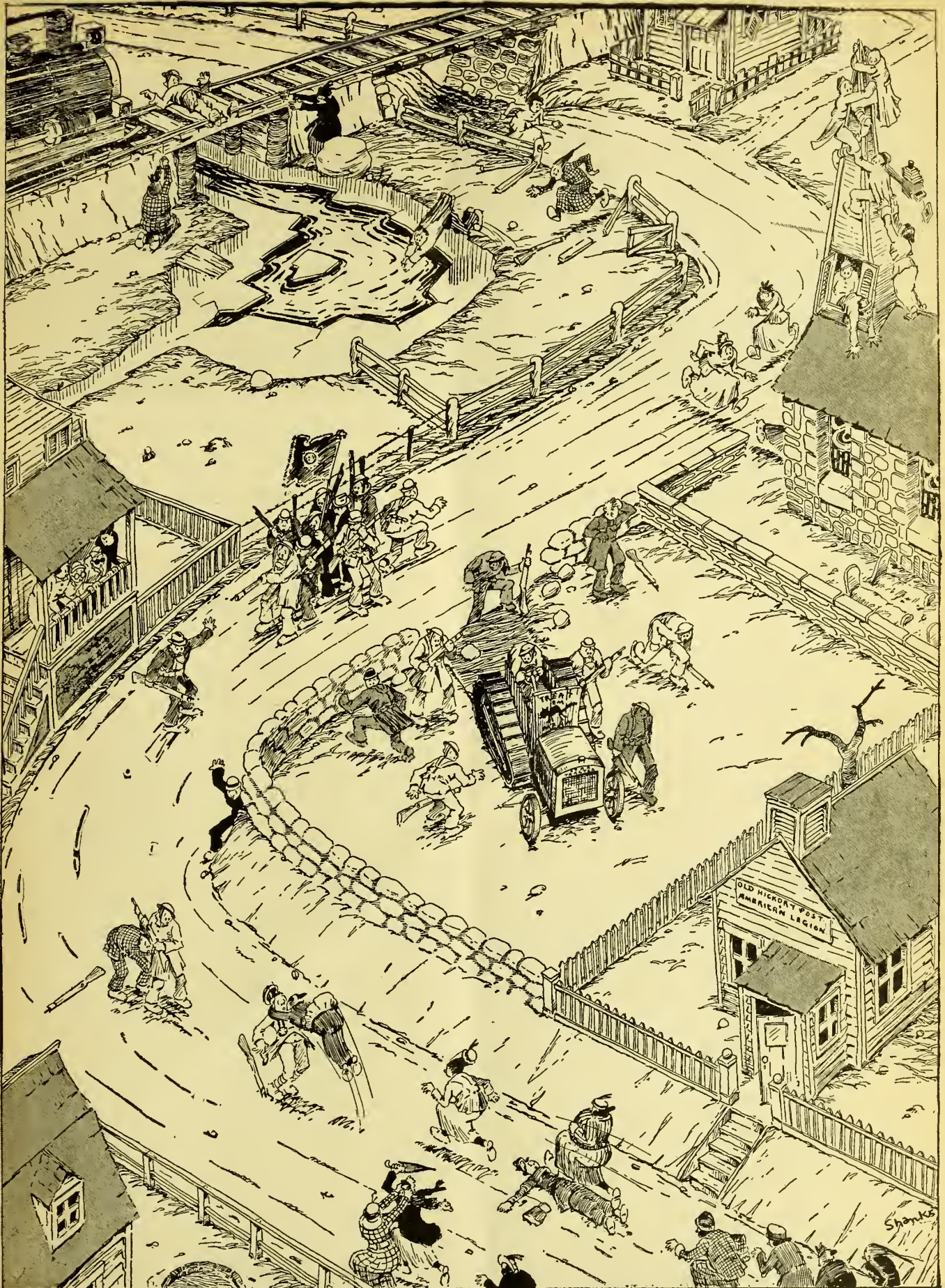
**I**T is appropriate to recall that a year ago The American Legion was merely a vision in the minds of a few men in France who were holding their first informal meetings in February with the idea of calling a general caucus the following month. It is trite to remark that today The American Legion stands a cohesive force of more than a million men.

The American Legion was not the first in the field. It had a score of predecessors and rivals. The reason it has swept all others aside, the reason it has become the one organization of buddies of the Great Adventure, may be traced to a single big fact in the circumstances of its inception. It started out merely to organize.

The American Legion started out committed to nothing in advance. Having adopted this course, the Legion's early leaders adhered strictly to that principle, and not without many a sharp struggle and argument. - Wait until every man is in, then all can decide what is to be and what is to be done—that was the theory on which the Legion was founded, and therein lies the secret of its success.

The million decided their course for 1920 by majority action last November. The two-million-or-more will charter the course for 1921 at the national convention at Cleveland, Ohio, next September.





An advance party, thrown out to protect members attending a meeting of Old Hickory Post, is attacked by Leap Year raiders.]





*What a wonderful piece of statuary it would make if that line of doughboys could have been pictured in the rigid positions they assumed under a bright light and machine-gun fire.*

# Confessions of a Top Kick

A First Sergeant Lives to Tell the Tale—and Does

**A**LL trails lead to the top kicker's tent. In comes the captain, looking like minus a month's pay. It's the mess fund which has fallen on the colonel's exchange list lower than a Russian ruble.

"Sergeant," says the cap, "we are \$300 short, and if we can't make it good in the three weeks before we sail, the money comes out of my pocket. See what you can do, sergeant."

"Yes, sir."

Now if he is the right kind of a captain and has the right kind of a top, a good deal can be done. A matter of a dozen A. W. O. Ls flock in at once and resume good ration standing on the morning report. There is a regular noon hour rush of SD and DS men back to the company, all on the verge of starvation. The "plus" figures on the ration return go up like a balloon, and the three hundred smacks are cleared in time to save a good officer and permit the company to start to France with a clean record.

Exit the skipper, smiling. Enter a lowly buck.

"Sarge, I took a bath last night and hung my underwear between the tents. Went to get it a while ago and some light-fingered bird had garnered it in. Now I —"

"Just a moment, Bill; what do you want me to do—bust out? I've only got one suit myself and that's too large for you. Beat it."

A private, first class:

"Sergeant, the corporal said to report to you. Some guys was playing poker on my bunk last night and I wouldn't pick up the torn cards this morning."

"Who was playing poker?"

"Some birds from another squad was in there. I didn't notice who they was."

"Well, you go back down the street, pick up the pasteboards and see if you can recollect who was in the game and if anybody got a rake-off it should have

By ONE WHO WAS

gone to you for using the bunk. That's the third time you've been sent up. Once more and you go back to the ranks."

**A**ND thus briskly flows the current of events in the life of the king pin of the company street. All a successful top has to have is a good front, supported by a knowledge of human nature, army paper work, minor tactics, drill, discipline, domestic difficulties, high and low finance, the Army Regulations, the Articles of War, general orders, War Risk Insurance, income tax, and how to anticipate the desires of the captain. In addition to these qualities he should be a good dresser on and off and possess a flexible temperament. He must be qualified to turn from sympathizing with a buck's sad tale of his blighted family life to deal with the hard-boiled hombre who has taken a notion to clean up the noncoms instead of the latrine, and handle each case with promptness and decision.

Like a commanding officer, a first sergeant is "always on duty." The night shift starts about an hour after lights out when some corporal will come up and lament in loud tones about a big crap game in the ninth squad. I would always ask who was winning. If it happened to be someone who owed me money I would shoot down in evening garb and rush in with a "that's all for tonight. Lights out. Get their names, corporal."

If no one shot off a gun during the night and the cooks didn't go to sleep while mixing the slum, I was not awakened until about an hour before the cock hit the barnyard door. The first thing was to rouse the sergeants, who have nothing on bucks when it comes to lacking appreciation of nature's early flush of dawn. The person who coined the two bright little words "time flies" must have been

a top kicker trying to get a company dressed and on line in the five minutes between First Call and Assembly. Bucks would be rushing hither and hence. A spiral putt would drop, unwind and roll about fifteen feet in the mud, as the owner dashed for the line. On a hot morning in August you could bank on a dozen men turning out in overcoats. Rubber boots were in order on the driest days. Others would hop forth from the wigwags on one foot the while they tried to get the string of a boot tucked away so an eagle-eyed lieutenant wouldn't trip over it. The wash-house was a panic scene, whence half a dozen warriors would come dashing, trying to hook their belts as they ran, and the first squads were already reporting.

"FIRST squad, report!"

"Privates Smith and Jones sick."

"Second squad!"

"Private Brown in the hay."

"Third squad!"

"Private Green coming. Here he is. Private first class Buck inoculation."

"Fourth squad!"

"Private Limp absent. Says he can't walk—bad dogs."

"Fifth squad!"

"Private O'Brien didn't return from pass last night."

"Sixth squad!"

"Private Rooney on K. P."

"Seventh squad!"

"Livinsky can't find one boot."

"Eighth squad!"

"Private Casey, 1st class—got paid yesterday."

"Sir, all present or accounted for," the top would report, and after dismissal a bunch would park their gats, take the complete mess gear from beneath blouses or overcoats and make for the oatmeal and java. The topper has to rush through with his grapefruit, ham and eggs, toast and coffee, to get back for sick call. In



come the old reliables, without whose names no page in the sick book is complete. I know men who would have climbed out of a front line trench and started across No Man's Land on the double if Jerry had just sounded sick call on the other side.

The period between mess and first call for drill is undoubtedly the most unhealthy in the day. Strong men fall by the wayside. The top can look up from the morning report almost any time and see a big husky standing at the railing with one foot bare and a big toe writhing in agony.

Then there is the O. D. pill victim.

"Morning, sergeant. The corp sent me up for missing reveille. Sergeant, the doc gave me some O. D.s last night.

"No excuse. Who told you to take O. D.s at night?"

"Well, the louie said my liver was outen order."

Blisters, bunions, boils, cramps, toothache, bum shoes, lost bayonets, lost belts, lost hats—oh, the thoughts that first call for drill can devise.

**T**HE bunch coming back from sick call would limp into the street just as the company was marching out, and if any of them were marked duty and were sent to the drill field they'd come back about noon and say they couldn't find the unit.

A goodly number of patriots were always volunteering their talents as tailor, barber, cobbler, greaseball or a permanent detail of some kind. We had one private who wielded a mean needle and would stay in and sew up the tents. He got out of so many drills that his vocation was much sought after by other bucks. They called him "Omar the tentmaker" and he was getting away with his job in great style until it was rumored that he would sew up a hole in a tent and then make another with a lighted cigarette, so the work would carry him over. But he did neat work. Our company barber would stick on the job until everybody owed him money and then he'd get transferred to the kitchen and hand out a short ration to those who didn't kick in.

Down at the cantonment we had a buck named Feld, I'll call him, who lacked about three staves of being round. One day the company clerk suggested that we have an orderly at the first sergeant's tent, a sort of sibley tender, general handy man to do bayonet practice with the broom and keep the matches policed up around the doorway.

Just as the two of us were getting cocky over sporting an orderly, Feld cleaned up, getting away with my pistol, fountain pens and nearly everything but the muster roll. The day after my pistol disappeared Feld

took the pistols belonging to two lieutenants and the captain. He was caught peddling them around town, arrested and slammed in the guard tent to await trial. Feld was there only a few hours when he escaped, got into the O. D.'s tent and stole the O. D.'s gun, while that officer was doing bunk fatigue. The next we heard was that Feld was shot in a street battle in the town and was in the hospital at camp for months. He never got overseas, but when the First Division paraded in New York I saw him riding a horse along the sidelines, with three wound stripes up, half a dozen medals on his chest and a top kicker's insignia.

"Eh, top," I shouted, "when'd you get out?" But he rode away. The army records show him to be the only orderly a first sergeant in the National Guard ever had.

**A**SSEMBLING a company over in France was like gathering a bunch at a Dutch picnic to hear a political talk. Our company was sheltered in about twenty billets, the number of men in each billet depending upon the size of the fertilizer pile.

When we were quartered near Abbeville I had to walk four miles to first sergeant's call. By the time a company would assemble for drill, recall would sound. If a first sergeant could get a billet in an isolated place he stood a good chance of being lost for a few days and thus get a much-needed rest. A sergeant going over worked this stunt on ship board. He got comfortable quarters somewhere among the crew and stayed in obscurity for eleven days, coming forth only when the boat hit the smooth water in the harbor at Brest.

One of the reports we had to make was a daily mess statement. I would prepare it for an officer to sign. This report ran something like this:

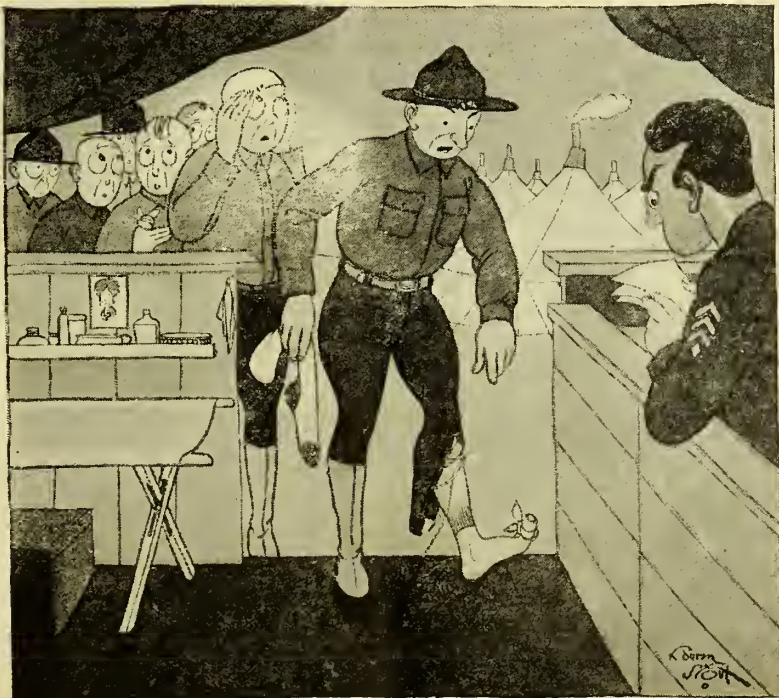
Monday.—Morning: oatmeal, burnt but had staying power. Noon: hash, mysterious but got over. Quality good, quantity more than enough. Night: stew; watery, but well seasoned. Quantity: *beaucoup*.

This got to be more or less of a form, so on busy days when we would forget what we had for a meal we would turn in a notice that the slum was great, whereas beans had been served.

Periodically war would be declared on the gamblers, but as sure as the sun didn't shine in France the old bones continued to careen on canvas or dirt. It would be no easier to say what would happen if crap games were stopped than to say what would happen if an irresistible force met an immovable body. If Jerry was up they would sometimes hold the warm cubes a few minutes and put the light out, but when the sound of the motor grew faint, some one would sing out "Read 'em and weep." Many a buck blamed Jerry for breaking a good run at African golf. The only way to halt a crap game was to get in and clean the boys up, which a first sergeant couldn't do, until the duty sergeants had cleaned the corporals.

**A** FIRST sergeant got into action quicker than anybody else. As soon as orders would come to pack up and start for the line, the advance casualties came to engage his attention. Somebody would throw a fit, somebody else would carve his duke trying to open a can of tin willie. Another bird would sprain an ankle and an old attack of rheumatics would nip someone else. Each case would have to be handled differently, according to the temperament of the man. The real abject, hopeless coward is a rare animal, but almost all of us are susceptible to little weaknesses, which nothing but the right kind of conversation will cure.

The first night we went in I marched behind the guide, hanging on for dear life, with the captain just behind me and the four platoons of men clinging to each other. It was raining pitchforks and we slid all over that corner of Belgium. When a Very light would go up every man was supposed to be tense—what a wonderful piece of statuary it would make if that line of doughboys could have been pictured in the rigid positions they assumed under a bright light and machine gun fire. I would whisper back to the captain: "Hole." The captain would repeat it and it would be passed back all right to a few men when some buck would say "low" instead of "hole" and half the line of men would flop, with probably a few mess outfits or tins of water bumping against something hard. One time



*In come the old reliables, without whose names no page in the sick book is complete.*

(Continued on page 27)



# New Jobs For New Men

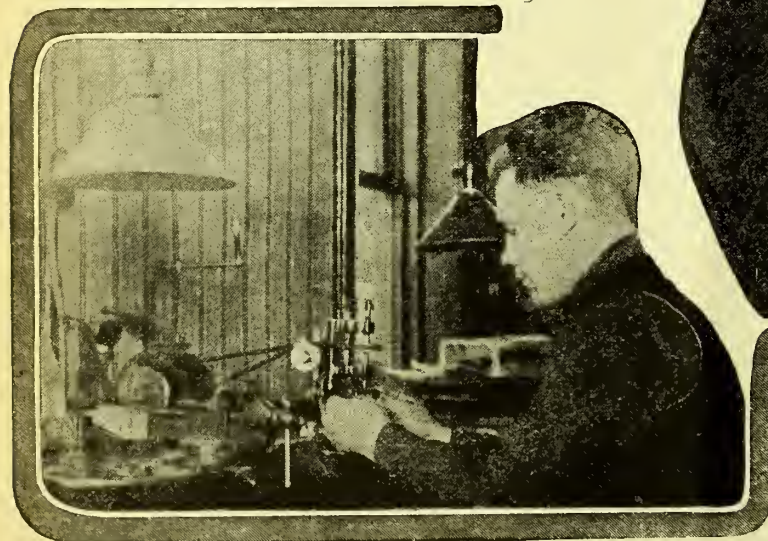


When H. H. Raege had learned to use the artificial leg that took the place of one he lost in France, he joined the Legislative Committee of The American Legion and is now working for disabled comrades.

J. H. Davis was with an express company before the war, and even during the war he handed a

few things to the Germans before he was badly wounded in Belleau Woods. He is now delivering telephone messages.

Just to prove that one leg doesn't keep a man from hiking, Kalman Nisalivitz became a city pavement inspector. Before 1917 he was a boxmaker.



Michael Sullivan learned something about drilling in the Army, and after losing a leg in the Argonne he qualified at drilling lenses in an optical shop.

William Simpson is again ready for a Texas round up, after a year in a base hospital.

In 1918 he rode herd in France and once rounded up 171 Germans.

American Photo Service.





*"Ease off, I don't want to hear any scuttle-butt news," he told his mother when she wanted him to go calling with her.*

# The Navy Marks Its Own

The Paymaster Was Right; Land Legs Come Slowly to Those Who Have Learned the Strange Vernacular of the Sea

WHEN Jack McDizzy swung off the train in the old home town, the Navy was just as far in the past as the Battle of Hastings. Figuratively speaking, he was laughing up his blue broadcloth sleeve at the paymaster who had handed him his final check when discharge papers brought to a climax his divorce suit against the United States Navy in general and the U. S. S. *Whiffen-poop* in particular. The paymaster had said, "Son, you'll be a long time gettin' your land legs."

As far as the physical application of the statement was concerned Jack was disproving it by walking on dry land with no more roll or swagger than a divinity student. For the rest of the implication he had plenty of refutations: he had slept two nights in a Pullman without trying to swing into the hammock; he had risen each morning without wanting to swab down the floor of the car; he hadn't once halted behind his chair in the dining-car waiting for the command "Seats"; he hadn't saluted conductor, brakeman or news butcher since the first day out. Land legs! He had 'em, one on each corner.

He couldn't resist saying, "So this is Paris!" as he surveyed the old home town with an eye that told him things hadn't changed much in the two years he had been "taking 'em over and bringing 'em back."

"Well, if it ain't the old skipper himself," he chuckled as the figure of his father swung into view.

There were greetings and salutations of the sort customary at paternal-filial reunions and they were soon in the

By RUSSEL M. CROUSE

McDizzy machine and whirring away toward home, mother, the family fireside and all the domestic trimmings.

"This is some dory," remarked Jack as the car took a hill on high.

"Dory, nothing," replied Mr. McDizzy, "it's a Backhard."

Whereupon Jack made a mental note and crowded a picture of the paymaster out of his mind by devoting both eyes to passing scenery.

"Well, the old ship looks just the same," said Jack as the car halted, sputtered, choked and died in front of the McDizzy mansion. "And there's mother at the porthole. Gangway, skipper, and I'll show you a little apron-string stuff."

IT was a bewildered father who followed a young sailor into the house. There were more greetings and salutations. They lasted far into the afternoon. There were thousands of things to talk about, with Jack the principal speaker of the occasion.

"Well," he said finally, "it's about time to get the wrinkles out, isn't it, mother?"

"Oh, never mind your clothes, Jack," said Mrs. McDizzy. "You look all right. Don't think of pressing them now. It's almost time for dinner."

"That's what I'm talking about," said Jack.

"What?"

"Why, chow."

"Chow?" queried a puzzled parent.

"Yes, eats—grub—food," explained Jack. "That's chow in the Navy. That's getting the wrinkles out of your stomach."

"Oh, yes, yes, of course," said Mrs. McDizzy.

Whereupon Jack made another mental note and tried to tell himself the vision he saw wasn't that of the paymaster.

"Well, make it a good dinner, mom. I've been eating 'thousand on a plate' for so long I—"

"Thousand what on a plate?"

"Beans."

Dinner was served. Jack stopped in the middle of his soup.

"I know what's the matter," he said. "I miss the music."

"Did you have music with your meals in the Navy?" his young sister queried.

"Naw," said Jack. "The soup garglers. You ought to hear them. A note with every spoonful. The first meal I had aboard ship I thought I heard the *Star Spangled Banner* and stood up. It was just some bird eating soup next to me."

JACK was about as comfortable during the evening meal as the man who sat on the third rail. It was as though he were in a cafeteria. He couldn't get a bite to eat without paying for it with an explanation. He wanted butter but he had to explain that was what he meant when he asked for the "grease" or the "yellow peril." His food was devoured without seasoning because no one knew he meant the salt and pepper when he asked for "Jack and Jill." Sugar was "sand" to him but not to his family. They did understand when he called the coffee "Java" and he was so surprised that he spilled it all over himself.

"Gee, I'm a regular scoffer," he ex-

(Continued on page 33)



# BURSTS and DUDS



An Italian, in filling out his qualification card upon entering the service, said his occupation had been grinding an organ while a monkey picked up the money.

"And what became of the monk?" asked an inquisitive officer.

"Dey make an officer outta da monk," came the reply.

"Nothing looks appetizing on this menu, waiter."

"Try this roast and garlic, sir."

"Garlic, nothing, I've got a date to-night."

"That's all right; when you see the bill, it will take your breath away."

Army Medic: "Got any scars on you?"

Rookie: "No, Doc, but you'll find some cigaroots in my pocket."

While they're changing the map, it has occurred to some that they might next change the north temperate zone into the north prohibition zone.

Mistress: "How dared you wear my evening gown at the boilermakers' ball last night? You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

Maid: "I wuz. They remarked about me some-thin' awful."

"You have read all the letters on the card with both eyes," said the medical officer; "I will now cover up your right eye, when the small letters entirely disappear."

Voice in the rear: "For my next trick I shall require a top hat."

Sid Doun: "Why are silk shirts a luxury?"

Stan Dupp: "Because you pay ten dollars for goods worth one dollar and your coat and vest cover all but a nickel's worth."



"Does your wife ever make you exchange goods she buys and doesn't like?"

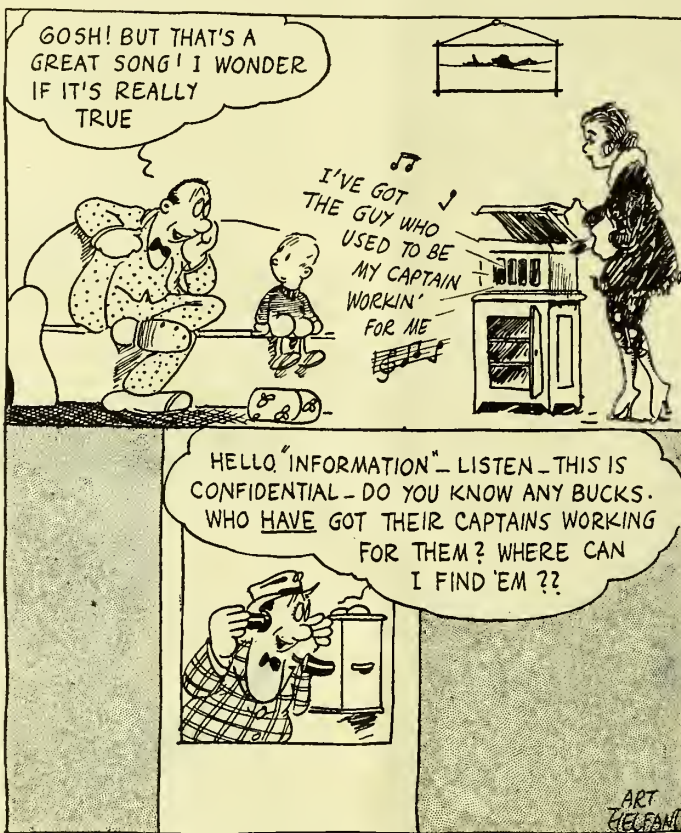
"She tried it once. I exchanged a silk dress for a meer-schaum pipe."

The American Legion Weekly will use jokes and pay for those that are acceptable. For the best received before Friday each week, not exceeding fifty words, five dollars will be paid; for the second best, three dollars; for all jokes accepted, one dollar. Manuscripts will not be returned. This offer is limited to those eligible to membership in the Legion.

Recent winners were: Clyde Franklin, Indianapolis, Ind.; Gustave A. Parsons, Waterbury, Conn.; R. H. Armstrong, Peckville, Pa.; Karl A. Patterson, Harrisburg, Pa.; Bennie V. Olson, Rush City, Minn.; Charles C. Mullin, Onondaga Hill, N. Y.; John L. Dobrava, New York, N. Y.; William J. Acker, Chicago, Ill.; George W. Heinonen, Finlayson, Minn.; H. C. Jennings, Bishopville, S. C.; Dr. John H. Stritch, Ware, Mass.

Ex-buck: "The doctor says I must quit smoking, dear. One lung is almost gone."

Mrs. Ex-buck: "Oh, dear; can't you hold out until we get enough coupons for that dining-room rug?"



The song that reached his heart

Young man caller: "Is Miss Smith in?"

Maid: "No sir. Miss Smith told me to tell you she was not at home today."

Young man caller: "You tell Miss Smith for me that I said I was glad I changed my mind and decided not to call today."

"Fo' de lan' sakes, Mose, what am de matter wid yo' face?"

"Sho' dat's an accident. My wife, Miranda, done th'owed a plate at me."

"Go 'long, yuh doan' call dat no accident, does yuh?"

"Golly, yes. She done hit whut she th'owed at."

An Irishman got out of his carriage at a railway station for refreshments, but the train started up before he was through.

"Hould on," he cried as he ran after the car.

"Hould on, ye murtherin ould stame enjin; ye've got a passenger on board whut's left behind."



The recruit company was policing near the state highway in one of the southern states when a convict wagon went by filled with colored prisoners.

"Hey, there, black boy," called one of the dusky, homesick soldiers, "I'll trade uniforms with you."

"Not on yo' life, man," came back the answer, "Ah knows when I's gwine get out."

A man was being tried for selling illicit whiskey. The liquor was offered in evidence. The jury returned after having taken fifteen minutes to try the evidence.

Judge: "What is the verdict?"

Foreman of the jury: "Well, your honor, we would like more evidence."

The softest hearted man in the Army has been discovered. A bunch of Bay-staters in full undress were giving vent to loud applause as their uniforms were being fed to the delouser, when a corporal called out:

"Don't cheer, boys; the poor devils are dying."

Cohen was drafted, and got to camp at four o'clock in the morning. At five-thirty reveille was blown. Not knowing what it was all about the new soldier went outside to find the captain. Walking up to him, he asked:

"Captain, vat time iss it?"

"Five-thirty," was the reply.

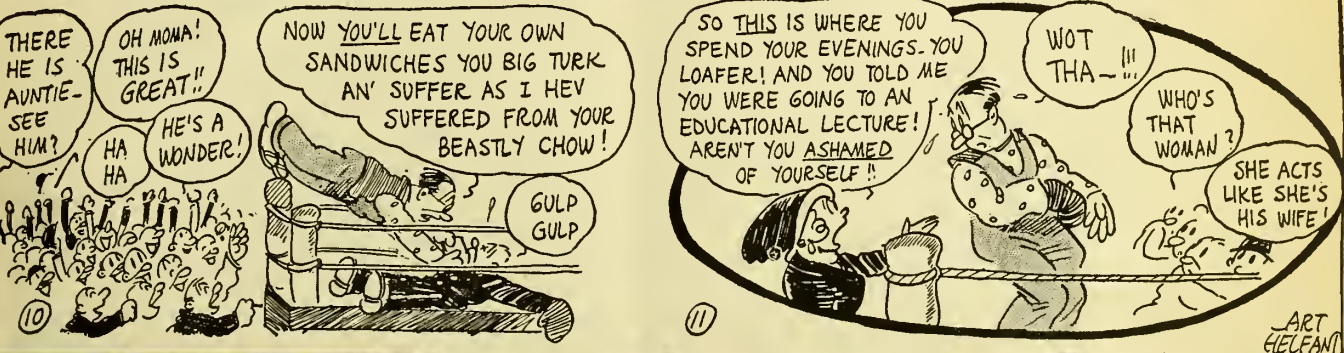
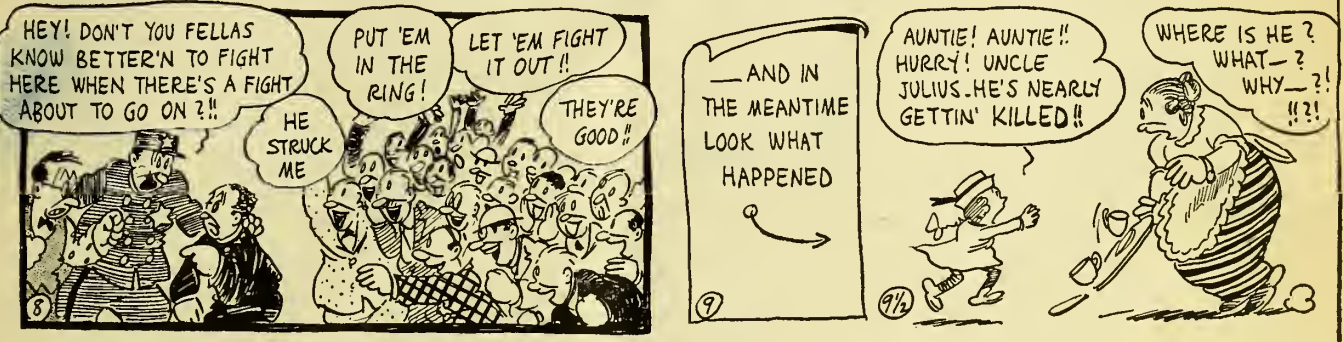
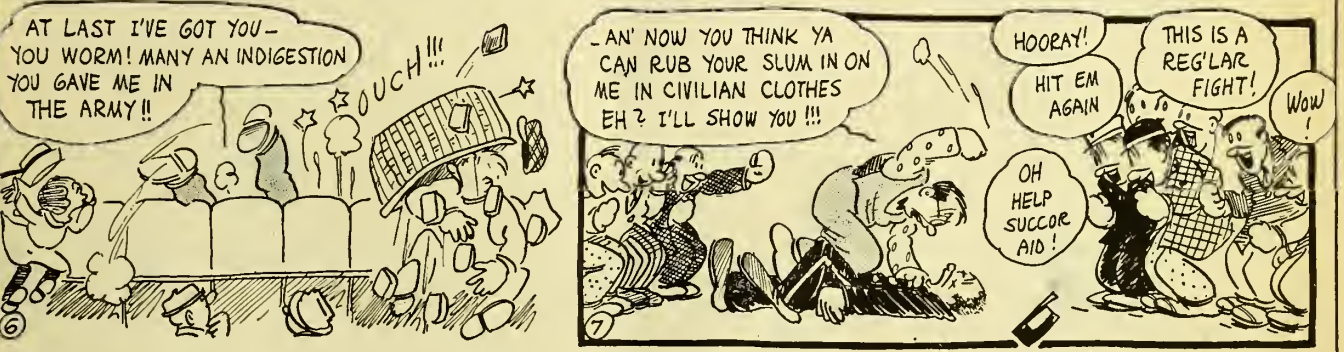
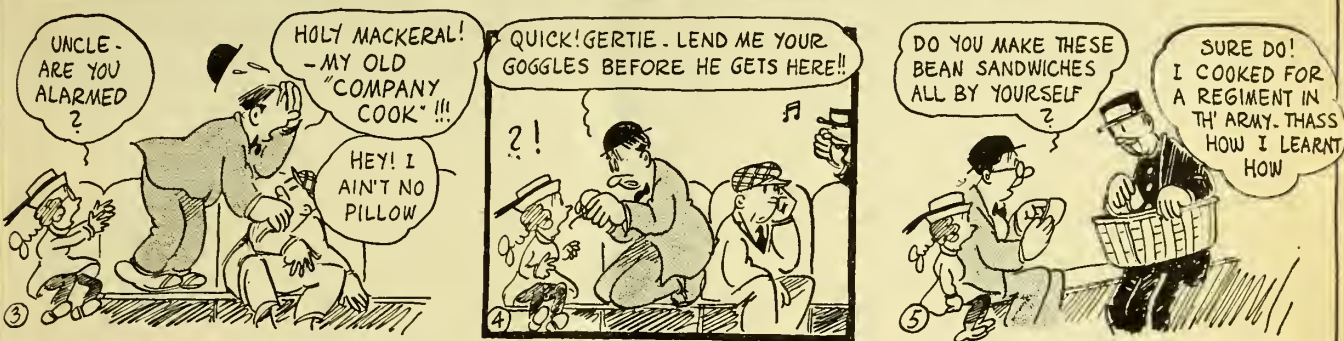
"Vat? Five-thirty in the morning?"

"Sure."

"Vell, I wish you would tell dat feller it's a fine time to be learning to play a cornet."





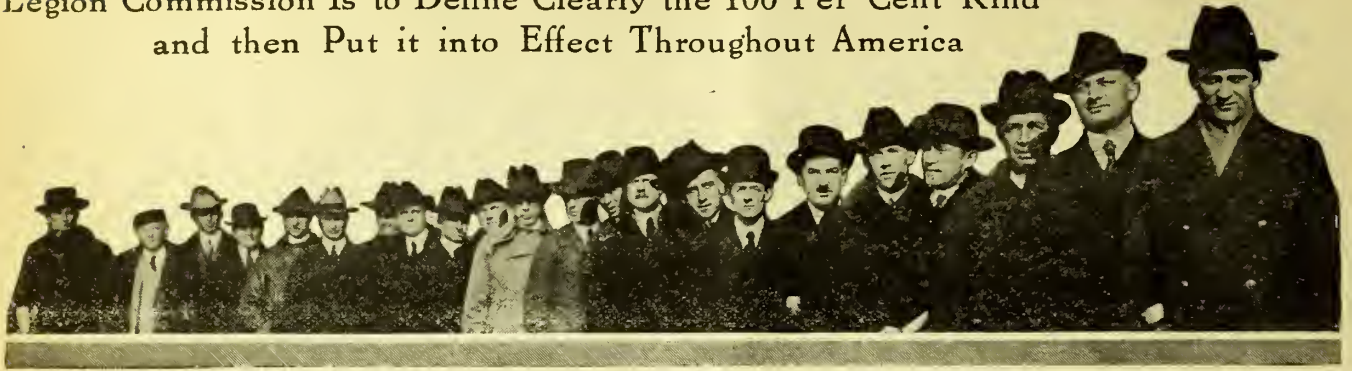


Julius meets his old company cook,



# What Is Americanism?

Legion Commission Is to Define Clearly the 100 Per Cent Kind—  
and then Put it into Effect Throughout America



*Members of Americanism Commission at Indianapolis Conference.*

**T**HE great task of promoting Americanism, which has been undertaken by The American Legion as its foremost obligation to the country, presently will be somewhat simplified and speeded up as a result of the first formal conference of the Americanism Commission, recently held at National Headquarters.

At that conference, which brought together Legion members from every section of the country, two important measures were considered.

First, the members of the commission set themselves to prepare a working program. The program will not be completed immediately, but in its approved form it will be a detailed definition of what is meant by one hundred per cent Americanism. When that question has been answered fully, the Legion will finally be in a position to function as a unit. Lacking that definition, the organization has been handicapped and frequently embarrassed by Americanization work that did not always jibe with the Legion constitution.

Second, the commission was of the opinion that a headquarters should be established, on such a scale as circumstances warrant, which would be a clearing house for the collection and dissemination of information, methods and policies dealing with Americanism work. Such a headquarters would be at the service of every local post and of great value to the Legion as a whole in coordinating Americanism activities.

Arthur Woods, chairman of the commission, let it be understood clearly that no narrow, reactionary view would prevail in defining one hundred per cent Americanism.

"It will be necessary to exercise care that the definition of Americanism is open to no wrong construction, from a legal point of view particularly," he said.

"The only way The American Legion or any other organization can successfully combat social and industrial unrest in this or any other country is by removing first of all the causes of that unrest.

"The question of what to do in cases of agitators of violence is a very live

question to some posts, and it was for that reason that the commission thought it wise to include a statement in effect that The American Legion stands unreservedly for law and order, and that it should be the endeavor of every post to assist officials charged with the enforcement of law and order in every way."

Cooperation of the Legion was recommended with every organization working for similar ends.

"As knowledge is the prerequisite of enlightened citizenship and as education is the road to knowledge," it was stated, "we recommend giving the active support of The American Legion to every effort to stamp out illiteracy in the nation. The only agitator that eventually need be feared is injustice.

"The American Legion stands for the reconciliation of all citizens by the removal of unjust conditions wherever found. Love of country and loyalty to the institutions grow from knowledge. The American Legion should use its influence to encourage and support and help the schools in telling children the history and development of American institutions in language they can understand.

"This same story should greet the immigrant as he lands and should guide him to his oath of citizenship. It should be instilled in the mind and heart of every other adult, so that lack of loyalty cannot longer be attributed to lack of understanding.

"Since The American Legion stands unreservedly for law and order, it should always set an example of law and order; and it should be the endeavor of each individual member to assist public officials charged with the enforcement of law and order in every lawful manner."

The commission adopted the following resolution with respect to the recent action of the New York State Assembly in suspending five Socialist members: "Since The American Legion stands for the maintenance of American institutions of government, we look with disfavor on every effort to overthrow the right of representation or to deny to the properly elected representatives of the people the right to sit in the bodies to

which they have been elected, except when they have been shown legally disqualified."

In a statement regarding the commission's action, Franklin D'Olier, National Commander of the Legion, said:

"The fundamental principle of The American Legion's program of Americanism is simply this: fair play for all who play fair. Just as in its efforts to maintain law and order The American Legion must itself set an example of lawful and orderly procedure, so in its work for 100 per cent Americanism, the National Americanism Commission realizes that the Legion must stand for the American way of doing things in the American spirit of fair play.

"The American Legion does not and should not stand in the way of change, but it does and should insist that, whatever change is advocated shall be in a lawful and orderly manner and shall be brought about only as provided under our American institutions by means of which all progress in this country has always been achieved.

"I believe The American Legion in its advocacy of this fundamental of Americanism—fair play for all who play fair—the doing of things in the American way, will contribute to real progress and that, if this principle is lived up to, the only agitator that America need ever fear, injustice, will be entirely eliminated."

Members of the Americanism Commission attending the conference were: Hiram Bingham, Connecticut; Edward Orton, Ohio; Edison K. Bixby, Oklahoma; Edgar W. Bair, Pennsylvania; Henry Breckenridge, Washington; F. M. Sieh, South Dakota; Robert L. Moorhead, Indiana; John MacVicar, Iowa; Dr. Edwin C. Henry, Nebraska; Kirk Smith, Georgia; B. M. Roszel, Vermont; Arthur Woods, New York; Franklin D'Olier, Pennsylvania; John Thomas Taylor, District of Columbia; William B. Sible, Oklahoma; J. F. Kiernan, Rhode Island; Phillip R. Bangs, North Dakota; Augustus H. Gansser, Michigan; Frazer Metzger, Vermont; Henry F. Fredeman, Arkansas; Edward A. Fitzpatrick, Wisconsin.



# Find Your Buddy

This department is open to readers who wish to get in touch with buddies. Address: Editor, "Find Your Buddy." Photographs cannot be returned.



Herman Lutes

**MISSING IN U. S.:** Private H. Lutes, Company, A, 111th Infantry, shell-shocked and gassed in France, left home September 2, 1919, and was last heard of in Pittsburgh. Mentally unbalanced; declared himself a slacker and wanted to join the Navy. Had

a large sum of money. Twenty-six years old; weight, 155 pounds; fair complexion; blue eyes; auburn hair; black, close-meeting eye-brows; six feet two inches tall. Address George Lutes, Coal Centre, Pa.

**COMPANY H, 109TH INF.**—Would anyone who saw Pvt. Lawrence Peyton between September 1 and 5, 1918, when he was wounded, or who can give an authentic report of his death, please write Cullen Tate, Lasky Sutdios, Hollywood, Cal.

**MISSING IN ACTION:** Private Arthur C. Larson, Co. K, 140th Infantry, Bottineau, N. D., reported missing October 1, 1918, later reported killed on that day. In January, 1919, reported returned to his organization. Address Elmer Larson, Minnewaukan, N. D.

**SORBONNE DETACHMENT.**—C. B. Coe, Johnson City, Tenn., would like to hear from Boyd or other ex-students of the Ecole des Travaux Publics.

**MISSING:** Private Roy R. Riley, 3768547, Company G, 329th Infantry, reported discharged, Jefferson Barracks, Mo., February 13, 1919. Last letter mother received was from Waco, Tex., September 16, 1918. Address, Redick O'Bryan, 212½ N. Williams St., Moberly, Mo.

**ALBERT MELCHART,** Company A, 318th F. S. Battalion, write Donald J. McClain, 110 Linwood Ave., Jackson, Mich.

**COMPANY G, 165TH INF.**—Pvt. Francis McDonald was first reported wounded in action and later missing by the War Department, but no definite word has been received. Anyone who knew him in the service or who can give any information regarding him, communicate with his sister, Miss Catherine McDonald, 241 Webster St., E. Boston, Mass.



F. McDonald

**WALTER C. SCHWER,** former first sergeant, 128th Infantry, your buddy, A. V. Thompson, Blair, Neb., wants to return "the belongings" he borrowed from you in France and desires your address.

**HEADQUARTERS COMPANY, 30TH INFANTRY.**—Anyone knowing particulars of the death of Rick Schulz, Third Battalion, Signal Section, killed July 5, 1918, write his mother, Mrs. Otto Schulz, 2254 North Lawndale Avenue, Chicago.

**H. H. DUNN,** former lieutenant, Company D., 29th Machine-Gun Battalion, Camp Funston, write Herbert Hanson, 609 North Maple Street, Watertown, S. Dak.

**COMPANY M, 327TH INFANTRY.**—Private Charles R. McGuire, killed in action October 9, 1918. Buddies who know particulars write his father, John G. McGuire, 1082 Brook Avenue, Bronx, N. Y.

**MISSING IN ACTION:** Private James R. Miller, Company G, 18th Infantry, reported killed in action, May 20, 1918. Wrote two letters between that date and May 27, but has not been heard from since. Twenty-seven years old, 5 feet 11 inches tall, 165 pounds, blue eyes, brown hair, slightly grey. Write W. K. Landrum, 839 Harrison Street, Stockton, Cal.

**SERGEANT JOHN W. DE MUTH,** Sixth Company, 163rd Depot Brigade, write Joseph Scott, Osceola, Iowa.

**COMPANY K, 47TH INFANTRY.**—The Adjutant General, War Dept., Washington, D. C., wants to hear from officers or men who know anything about disappearance of Private Walter A. Sayers, reported missing in action, July 29, 1918. Information desired for family.

**COMPANY A, 165TH INFANTRY.**—Information concerning death of Andrew F. Borgen requested. Reported wounded in action, October 15, 1918. Address J. W. Kreuzer, Andrew Borgen Post, No. 75, American Legion, New Richland, Minn.

**COMPANY I, 127TH INFANTRY.**—Who remembers Private Robert C. Gossweiler, who was killed in action on October 17, 1918, a month after he was transferred to the 127th from Company B, 150th Infantry? His mother says, "News means life to me." Write Mrs. Charles Gossweiler, Rice, Minn.

**COMPANY E, 23D INFANTRY.**—Private S. Cunneen reported killed in action July 18, 1918, but said to have been seen after that. Address his sister, Mrs. Anna C. Lain, 11 Carlton Place, Haverhill, Mass. )

**COMPANY E, 119TH INF.**—Pvt. Emil H. Dutler was wounded in France and died in the hospital on November 29, 1918. His mother would like to hear from anyone who knew him. Address Mrs. David Dutler, La Porte City, Iowa.



Emil H. Dutler

**ROBERT PFEIFFER** enlisted at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station on January 8, 1919; later detailed to sea service and made several trips across the Atlantic. Reported by the Navy as discharged for physical disability on September, 1918. Any information as to his whereabouts will be appreciated by Richland Post No. 30, Olney, Ill.

**6TH PHOTO SECTION, A. S.**—Anyone having any information concerning Walter E. Worstman, who returned to New York from the A. E. F., please communicate with Miss Helen Mae Stephens, 2506 L St., San Diego, Cal.

**HQ. COMPANY, 2D BATTALION, 58TH COAST ARTILLERY.**—Private Granville S. Hall, discharged July 15, 1919. Any information concerning him desired by sister, Mrs. E. E. Searle, 204 East Walnut St., Bloomington, Ill.

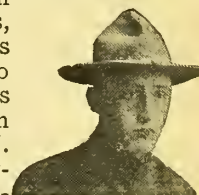
**CLAUD H. BRADFORD,** formerly Coast Artillery Corps, Fort Screven, Ga., write George H. Babbitt.

**WILLIAM B. SMITH,** who in March, 1918, was a corporal, Marines, Galveston, Tex., write Albert J. Phillips, 3939 Haverford Ave., West Philadelphia, Pa.

**SERGEANT GLENN T. GOODSON.**—Hq. Co., 130th Infantry, or anyone knowing his whereabouts, write F. M. Smith, 434 McGowan St., Akron, Ohio.

**TROOP L, 6TH CAV.**—Ben Thorpe, write to C. E. Rinning, 66 W. Penn St., Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa.

**COMPANY C, 109TH INF.**—Pvt. Lester L. Rohe was reported wounded on July 30, 1918, and buried on August 7 at Cierges, France. His parents have been unable to learn anything of his whereabouts between July 30 and August 7. Anyone knowing anything of the circumstances surrounding his death will do a great kindness by writing to his mother, Mrs. John Rohe, 7220 Monticello St., Pittsburgh, Pa.



Lester L. Rohe



# BULLETIN BOARD

Life in France for some 2,000 soldiers who were discharged from the American Army over there is not the life of one Riley in every case; a number of them are finding it is one thing to be in a foreign country with the Q. M. C. looking out for such details as rations, quarters and pay-day, and quite another to be on your own.

The *Amaroc News*, published by the American forces on the Rhine, estimates that, of the 2,000 A. E. F. men discharged overseas, one-fourth have settled down to work, while the others are visiting, and sightseeing, or have returned to the States because of disheartening business prospects in France.

A few of those who remained abroad have waxed moderately wealthy, as witness one negro reliably reported to have made 125,000 francs buying and selling navy supplies in Brest. Gerald Kiley and Harold Fitch, two American ambulance drivers, are now the uncrowned "Fox Trot Kings of Paris," having organized a series of popular dances on an original capital of 500 francs. They recently invested 100,000 francs in an ice cream manufacturing venture.

Many of those permanently located abroad are soldiers who married French girls. Three of these are now farming and say they are making money. Another married into a successful dairy business and another resumed his calling as a tailor. Quite a number obtained places as representatives of American manufacturers and are meeting with varying degrees of success in "Americanizing France."

Coincident with the drafting of a new constitution for the state of Nebraska, the Nebraska Department of The American Legion is making an effort to have included in the new constitution a provision making instruction in the American language compulsory in all the schools of the state. American Legion representatives will appear before the convention to press the demands of the Legion. General Pershing is now a full-fledged buck private in The American Legion. Membership card No. 1 of Lincoln Post No. 3 was presented to the general during his stay in Lincoln during the holidays.

The officer caste of Austria has been wiped out by the economic conditions following the war, say Austrian dispatches. Colonels, majors and junior officers who two years ago were sporting automobiles and orderlies are now chopping wood at forty crowns a day in Austrian woodyards. One of the large woodyards is said to be owned by a former private in the Austrian army.

"Speed" Santani, who drove one of General Pershing's big fleet of limousines in France, had his old job back again for a few minutes when the A. E. F. commander visited Chicago on a recent trip of inspection. Santani is a member of the Jimmy Turner Post No. 39, composed of automobile men of Chicago.



Representative Johnson, of South Dakota, voiced a vigorous criticism of the management of army hospitals, particularly in the vicinity of Chicago, a few days ago, on the floor of the House of Representatives. He said that in some institutions men who have been gassed are quartered in dark hallways where there is no sunlight, and that though Congress had appropriated money to relieve such conditions it was not being expended to that end. Mr. Johnson exhibited a photograph of a bath room ten feet square in the Chicago Marine Hospital, which he said was used as a vocational training work room for convalescents, "though it would be crowded if three men were in there at one time."

Believing that a number of disabled men now taking vocational training deserve more than the government is doing for them, members of the Robert E. Bently Post of The American Legion in Cincinnati are organizing a "Carry-on Club" which, it is expected, will raise \$50,000 to aid the veterans taking vocational training in Cincinnati. If the club succeeds, a large dwelling will be leased where the disabled soldiers will be provided with a good home, good food, laundry service, dental work and medical care at a nominal cost.

Dr. Rupert Blue, for many years surgeon general of the Public Health Service, has been succeeded by Dr. Hugh S. Cumming, of Hampton, Va. Dr. Blue was first appointed surgeon general by President Taft, when such appointments were made for an indefinite period. The law has since been changed so that this official now is appointed for but four years. Dr. Blue has filled one such term. He will remain with the service doing special research work.

Limited accommodations for visitors in France have led the American Red Cross and the Y. M. C. A. to take steps to arrange for housing relatives of American soldiers buried in France, who are expected to visit the cemeteries in large numbers during the coming summer.

Another claim to having the youngest man in service during the war which will be hard to beat has been filed by the Harold H. Blair Post, No. 14, of Hanover, Pa. This post boasts having as one of its members Private Oscar Zinneman, who, at the time of his enlistment in May 3, 1917, was fourteen years and seven months old. Zinneman served most of his time at the front and returned without a scratch.

Tampa, Fla., has adopted an ordinance exempting former service men from the payment of occupational or license taxes in order to lighten the burden of veterans in attempting to reestablish businesses or professions. In order to limit the law to all bona fide Tampa residents, the ordinance specifies that to be exempted from the tax, ex-soldiers must have been residents of the county prior to April 5, 1917. The exemption is for the period from date until October 1, 1920.

Portneuf Post No. 1, of Downey, Idaho, has found it necessary to publish a monthly bulletin, called the *Portneuf Post Bugle*, in order to get its matter before the people. The refusal of the editor of the local paper to present the Legion's views to the public caused the Downey Post to enter the newspaper game itself.

"Our record can be duplicated, but it just can't be beaten," is the slogan of Titusville Post No. 368 of The American Legion, of Titusville, Pa. The only available figures indicate that Titusville sent out 232 service men. Membership in the post numbers exactly 232. Hence the boast.

Two more are in the race for the youngest member title. The Norman Hutchins Post No. 26, of Eaton, Col., claims that Thomas Halpin, Jr., holds the record as he was 14 years old when he enlisted in the 116th Engineers and sailed for France. Harry G. Meyers Post No. 52 of Cannelton, Ind., puts C. E. Clark forward. He joined the Navy on October 7, 1917, when 14 years old.

Legion posts that desire speakers on "Mexico of To-day" may communicate with N. O. Bagge of the Childhood Conservation League, 4 East 28th Street, New York. The league will furnish unbiased lecturers with colored lantern slides without any obligations to Legion posts.

Women in Indiana are setting a pace for the men in organization work, auxiliaries having recently been formed to Victory Post No. 70, Shelbyville, Ind.; Cass County Post No. 60, Logansport, Ind.; and Zionsville Post No. 79, Zionsville, Ind. Mrs. C. H. Thurston, of 546 West Drive, Woodruff Place, Indianapolis, has directed the initial work in these auxiliaries.





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**When Al Wilson, ex-army instructor in flying, tires of riding in one machine he just drops in on the next one that comes along. He uses neither rope ladder nor special safety appliance in the performance.**

Miss Monica Moore, a nurse with the Rockefeller Commission for the Prevention of Tuberculosis in France, reports that the citizens of Vitry-le-Francois are much disappointed because international precedent will not allow them exclusive care of about twenty American graves there. Hundreds of men who were wounded while fighting in the Champagne region and who were in the hospital at Vitry-le-Francois were given small earthenware jars made from the soil of the battlefields, and efforts have been made by the citizens to send these souvenirs to the relatives of those buried there.

Six state educational institutions in Missouri, including the State University, are giving special credits to former service men, which may be applied toward obtaining a degree or may be used in lieu of certain entrance credits.

As a result of agitation by Prince-Forbes Post No. 7, of Philadelphia, additional privileges are now enjoyed by soldiers at U. S. General Hospital 41, at Staten Island. More daily passes and less stringent smoking rules are included in the benefits.

For the first time in its many trips across the Atlantic the old army transport *Buford* broke down on its last trip. The transport had for cargo the 249 undesirable aliens in the vanguard of alien slackers and agitators who are being sent back to Russia from the United States. The ship had to put in at Kiel, Germany, to have her boilers repaired before proceeding on to an un-named Russian port. Sailors, who are a superstitious lot, predicted before the Soviet ark sailed from New York Harbor that the old transport would never get across without some such "protest."

Allegations that certain political candidates are counting on the support of American Legion members of New Jersey have aroused the ire of State Adjutant Goldingay and other state officers of the Legion, who have issued a statement that "no man is big enough to bring politics into The American Legion."

Thirty-nine Texas papers recently carried editorials the same day commending the organization and purpose of The American Legion. This "big push" was due to the work of the Legion's publicity bureau in that state.

Wichita, Kan., is planning a bond issue of \$1,000,000 to erect a memorial to the service men of the war with Germany. Thomas Hopkins Post No. 1, of that city, has been asked to handle the campaign, and H. A. Ortmeier asks that committees in charge of memorials to be erected in other cities communicate with him. Address Box 1026, Wichita.

An Ohio post has received an application for membership from Hawaii. The post is the United Service Post No. 75, in Cleveland, and the long-distance applicant is Dr. E. M. Osorio, who expects to return to Cleveland in six months.

Someone took a picture of the 54th Infantry over in Brest last May. Anyone who knows anything about this photograph is asked to communicate with Clifford Meek, 371 East Ray Street, New Philadelphia, Ohio.

State Headquarters of The American Legion in New Hampshire have been moved from Manchester to Concord. Space has been allotted in the State House for use of the state organization. (Continued on page 22)



# Bottling Up the A. E. F.

(Continued from page 7)

"The rule against casualties has been repealed," said I to myself, and I wrote about four columns of such stuff.

"I'm really sorry, but it can't be helped," said Captain Gerald Morgan, crossing out paragraph after paragraph.

"But the *Stars and Stripes*—"

"I know; they broke the rule and will have to be censored themselves if they do it again."

"May I rewrite those two stories and send them home?"

"No."

"May I clip them and send them home in my envelope?"

"I'm afraid not."

"May I mail a copy of the *Stars and Stripes* home?"

"I have ruled against the clippings, so I must rule against the paper."

I am afraid I must have grinned wickedly, for the *Boston Globe* was on the mailing list of the *Stars and Stripes*, and I knew quite well that a copy of the latter had already started on its way across the ocean. It was just one more example of a censorship rule which was foolish because it was futile.

TO go back to February. I was accredited to the army by Pershing's staff, and my name was sent to Washington as that of an accredited correspondent.

It seems that at the time I was asking Secretary Baker for permission to go to France, the *Boston Post* was also seeking a similar privilege. To the *Post* representative Secretary Baker gave his word that if any Boston paper had a man accredited, the *Post* should have one. Accordingly, when the *Post* reported that Sibley had been accredited, and asked him to make good, Mr. Baker, instead of accrediting still another correspondent, cabled to Pershing that the accreditation of Sibley had "seriously embarrassed the secretary" and that it would be immediately withdrawn.

It was withdrawn, but I was not ordered back from the division. I understood clearly that I was with it on sufferance, and I never understood why I was allowed to stay. However, in case that I might be withdrawn, I used the last pound of my influence with the French and got an arrangement whereby, if all else failed, I should be commissioned a captain in the French artillery and then be sent as a liaison officer to the division on the right or left of the Twenty-sixth and be placed by that division as liaison officer with the Yankees. I was never driven to making use of the expedient.

The censorship moved from Meaux to Nancy and then back again to Bar le Duc. It was just at the time of this last move that the most inexplicable thing that the censor did to me happened.

Personal letters of correspondents were usually not read by the censor, it being understood that the correspondent would not send anything he ought not to send.

One evening at Nancy, I turned in my copy, and with it a personal letter to a friend in my office. The censor was busy, and could not handle my copy at once, there being a grist of cable stories ahead of me. I stayed in the club for two hours that night, but the censors said nothing to me.

Next morning I was at the office again, before leaving for my division. Again, there was no comment from the censor on my letter. Now in that letter I had discussed the censorship very freely, had told who the censors were, and who the correspondents were. And I had made the slip of saying that a major was "under" a captain, which of course was ludicrously incorrect.

During the week, another correspondent told me he had heard two of the censors—neither of them the censor who originally read my letter—discussing what should be done with it. It was finally decided to send it to headquarters at Chaumont, and it went with a letter saying, "Sibley is the only trouble-maker among the correspondents in regard to the National Guard. His copy will continue to be severely cut, and he will be obliged to obey strictly every rule of the censorship."

OF course, so far as I knew, my copy had not been severely cut at all. In fact I was often surprised at the way the censors had stretched a point in my favor. Nor had I been obliged, beyond my own promise, to obey rules; there had never been a chance to do more than inform me of a rule.

By the week-end the censorship had shifted to Bar le Duc. I spent three hours in the office when I came in; nobody told me what had been done. Finally I got one of the censors who had been most kind to me and sat down with him for an hour and a half. I demanded to know, first, why a personal letter had been read by three censors and then publicly discussed; second, what he meant by calling me a trouble-maker; and third, why he had taken the course of seeming to try to make trouble for me at Chaumont instead of coming to me with the letter and telling me it ought not to go.

To the first question I got no answer; to the second, after persistent evasion, I got the statement, carefully repeated, that I was the only correspondent writing about a National Guard division, and so the only trouble-maker. To my third question, the only answer was that my letter, putting a major under a captain, seemed to the censors to be an attempt to "knock" the censor.

I never submitted another personal letter to the press censor, but had my personal mail censored by officers in the division. I had no further personal dealings with the censors. I cannot refrain, however, from commenting on a case of photograph censoring which happened to Kirtland of *Leslie's*. Some time after coming home, he printed in

*Leslie's* the picture of a *soixante-quinze* with officers of the battery standing by it. The story was that, as there was nothing to show where this gun was, the censor passed it, and it was sent to the United States and reproduced in *Leslie's*.

Unfortunately, so the story goes, in the background was a church spire, a mere needle against the sky. The Germans got hold of *Leslie's*, identified the church spire, located the battery by its relative position and blew it out of existence.

NOW, leaving aside the fact that there is nothing to prove that it was from *Leslie's* publication of the picture that the Germans learned the position of the gun, let us see what happened. In the first place, Kirtland made the picture and got his film to Paris anywhere from two days to a week later. Unless he got better speed out of the Signal Corps than I ever did, he got his print ten days to two weeks later. Unless he made better speed across the ocean with his "copy" than I ever did, the print was two weeks more in reaching his office—say five weeks from the date of making the picture.

I don't know how near the day of publication *Leslie's* is held open, even for Kirtland, but I will venture the guess that that picture did not appear for at least two weeks more—seven weeks in all.

Add two more weeks for *Leslie's* to recross the ocean and get to a Swiss address, and a few days for it to get to German army headquarters, and it was the best of three months between the time the picture was made and the time the Germans got it.

It may be that there was some one battery remaining concealed from the Germans, and in the same position, for three months, but I respectfully doubt it. And when it comes to identifying that position from the church steeple, which had not a single individual characteristic about it, again, it may be true, but I want more evidence than was presented that it was by the picture that the Germans located the gun.

As to my own pictures, one which identified the 101st Engineers and another which names the 102d Field Artillery clearly came under the rule against giving names. Of course the fact that these two units were in the Twenty-sixth Division was printed in all the Boston papers in August, 1917; the Germans may have forgotten it, of course.

A funny hold-up was of the men bathing in the Marne. It did seem as if the censor was going a long way when he undertook to protect the morals of American readers as well as keep military information from the Boches. The censor was often funny. In the summer I sent a story of an anniversary dinner of our division trains headquarters. I mentioned champagne in it, and the

(Continued on page 26)





## *A New Land Discovers Corona*

AT Taigura, in far off Libya, an American war worker showed his Corona to the president of the town tribunal, an ex-rebel chieftain. After being reassured, the primitive official delightedly experimented with the machine. He wrote his first letter to General Vincenzo Garioni, the Italian Governor, by the "hunt and peck" system.

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Professor James, of Harvard, the greatest authority in the world on psychology, says:

"As a rule men use only a small part of the power which they actually possess. Compared with what we ought to be, we are only half awake. Our fires are damped, our drafts are checked. We are making use of only a small part of our possible mental and physical resources."

Stop damping your fires; stop checking your drafts; *wake up*. Seventy per cent. of your abilities are probably wasted. We can show you how to use that extra seventy per cent.—how you may get three times as much money, three times as much pleasure, three times as much comfort.

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EMPLOYMENT REGISTER

The information concerning opportunities for men formerly in service which will appear from time to time in this department, is furnished by special arrangement with the Service and Information Branch, War Plans Division of the War Department. Assurance is given by that department that every statement will be checked as to its accuracy before being submitted for publication.

In all cases where the employment in which you are interested is at a considerable distance, it is suggested that you take the matter up first by mail with the employer or firm concerned.

**Shipping Board**

The United States Shipping Board is in need of an unlimited number of men for sea service. These men are not required to enlist, but must agree to work for one year. Men may choose either the deck or steward's department or engine-room service. Applicants must be citizens of the United States and must be between the ages of 18 and 35, and physically sound.

There are recruiting stations in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Chicago, St. Louis, Atlanta and Los Angeles. Recruits are sent to one of the three training camps maintained by the Shipping Board, either at Camp Stuart, Newport News, Va.; San Francisco, Cal.; or Seattle, Wash. Applicants from territory east of Missouri River will be sent to Camp Stuart, at Newport News, Va.

A man going to one of these camps receives a clothing allowance besides his pay of \$30 monthly while in training. After a course of from one to two months in the training school the apprentice takes his place in actual work at sea, where he then receives \$65 a month. Quarters and meals are included in all of these jobs. The rest is up to him. If he has a high school education or equivalent, he can qualify as a deck or engineer officer in one year's time. Two years are required for others. There are plenty of vacancies and promotion is rapid.

Opportunities in foreign trade are abundant, and many men who start with the Shipping Board find openings all over the world with big firms, representing them either abroad or at home.

Young men who wish to enroll in the Merchant Marine should see anyone of the following recruiting agents: B. J. Dowd, Ground Floor, Custom House, Boston, Mass.; J. F. Dowd, 500 Pearl St., New York, N. Y.; William A. Stewart, Mateer Building, Altoona, Pa.; C. C. Carts, 429 Custom House, Baltimore, Md.; Edwin J. Zimmer, 116 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.; J. P. Locke, 190 Peach Tree St., Atlanta, Ga.; W. A. Winterer, 27 S. 4th St., Philadelphia, Pa.; Wm. J. Davis, 112 N. 9th St., St. Louis, Mo.

If it is not possible to get in touch with one of these agents, applicants should make application to the Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce in his city or town. The secretary will furnish full information and will arrange for a meeting with the recruiting officer when he arrives in town.

**Varied Opportunities**

The names of the firms having the following opportunities are not disclosed at their request. Applicants should make reference to the symbol numbers which appear after each opportunity. Fully qualified applicants will be given the name of the firm having the opportunity or opportunities. Write to the Service and Information Branch of the War Department, Washington, D. C.

Editor.—Capable of high grade editorial criticism. Firm located in Massachusetts. Reference, 1788.

Managers.—New York firm is considering sending several men abroad and to South America to take care of the sales of packing house products. Knowledge of French or German essential in each case. Reference, 1829.

Lithographic Sketch Artists.—Large lithograph company in California wants men with experience in this line. Reference, 1850.

Draftsmen.—Structural and mechanical, wanted by a bridge building company in New York. Reference, 1861.

Accountant.—Who has had five years practical experience in both accounting and tariff work, to take charge of office work. Wanted by railroad company in Pennsylvania. Reference, 1859.

Salesmen.—Single men to take exclusive territories in the Philippine Islands, selling standard make of typewriters. Must have experience and be able to speak Spanish. Reference, 1847.

Stenographers.—Wanted by large machinery manufacturers in Middle West. Reference, 1830.

Clerks.—For general office work with steel corporation in Kentucky. Reference, 1825.

Railroad Men.—Experienced railroad operating men wanted by railroad company in the south. Reference, 1839.

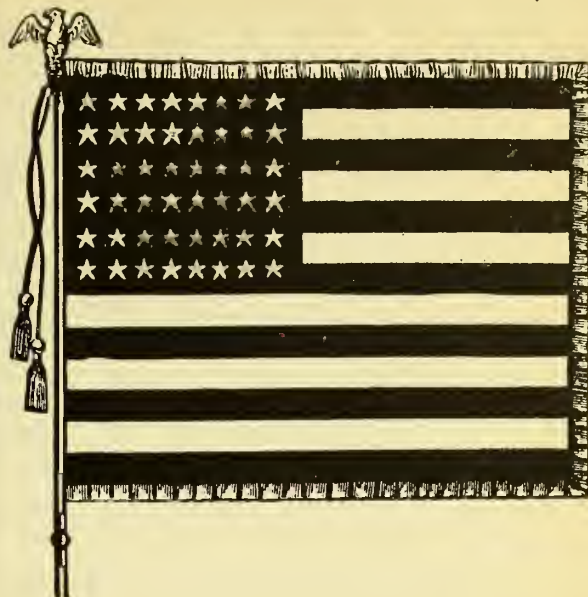
Carpenters, Masons, Painters.—Wanted by large construction company in New England. Reference, 1666.

"Souvenirs de la guerre" have palled on Paris, and dusty hand grenades, shell fuses and other trinkets are being thrown into sewers in such numbers that the Sewer Workers' Union has protested. Serious accidents have followed the contact of a spade with a bomb.

Colonel Heg Post of the G. A. R. and Colonel Roosevelt cam of the U. S. W. V. were the dinner guests of Austin F. Hanscom Post No. 167 at Willman, Minn., recently. Personal experiences of Americans who fought in three wars were recited over the coffee and smokes.

With the object of assisting service men who are taking technical training, Congress has authorized the Secretary of War to sell at fifteen per cent of their cost, to schools and universities, such machine tools as are suitable for their use. Such tools not needed by the department will be disposed of in that manner.





# Official Banner of the American Legion

As Adopted by National Convention

Emblem Patented November 12, 1919

## DEPARTMENT BANNER—WHITE

## POST BANNER—BLUE

National Headquarters has made arrangements for the manufacture of these Banners and Stands of Colors in large quantities, and is thus able to furnish them to Departments and Posts at very advantageous prices in addition to insuring uniformity of product.

We can furnish:

**DEPARTMENT AND POST BANNERS.**— $4\frac{1}{3}' \times 5\frac{1}{2}'$  made of best banner silk in two pieces, sewed back to back, with name of Department or Post placed thereon in pure gold leaf. Trimmed on three sides with  $2\frac{1}{2}''$  hand knotted yellow silk fringe, mounted on two-piece 9' polished ash pole with brass ferrule, double brass screw joint, surmounted with  $7\frac{1}{2}''$  spread solid brass eagle, ornamented with one pair of 8'' yellow silk tassels with about 9' of cord, complete, including oil cloth rain cover and russet leather belt (packed in strong wooden case for shipping), at a price of \$124, delivered.

**STAND OF COLORS.**—Comprising Post Flag as described above, and National Colors or United States Flag  $4\frac{1}{3}' \times 5\frac{1}{2}'$ , made of best banner silk with sewed stripes and silk embroidered stars, trimmed on three sides with  $2\frac{1}{2}''$  hand-knotted yellow silk bullion fringe, mounted upon a two-piece 9' polished ash pole with brass ferrule, double brass screw joint, surmounted with a solid brass eagle,  $7\frac{1}{2}''$  spread, ornamented with a pair of 8'' fancy skirt yellow silk tassels with about 9' of yellow silk cord, complete, including an oilcloth rain cover and russet leather belt (packed in strong wooden case for shipping), at a price of \$174.00, delivered.

Shipment can be made within two weeks after receipt of order. All orders should be accompanied by check or money order.

NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS,  
THE AMERICAN LEGION,  
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Emblem Division



Wherein we present  
another letter  
from another adver-  
tising agent and ask  
you to get busy.

Here's another letter that we want you all to read.

Rather an interesting story about it—too.

It's from another advertising agent in New York.

Written to one of his clients, an advertiser who spends each year several hundreds of thousands of dollars in magazine advertising, all of which is planned and placed by this agent.

His client—to whom this letter was written—happens to be a member of The American Legion.

And naturally, therefore, quite interested in THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY.

So Mr. Client writes Mr. Agent, asking why it is that he doesn't place any of his advertising in the WEEKLY.

Here's Mr. Agent's reply—in part—which Mr. Client—as a good American Legion member—has sent to us.

For obvious reasons we can't give names, but the letter and the circumstances are authentic.

"I am answering you letter of Dec. 9 relative to your suggestion as to THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY.

"First of all—let me thank you for calling this to our attention, and in the second place, let us explain that we have studied this publication very thoroughly *and have written two or three dozen ex-service men to find out whether or not they read The American Legion Weekly. A goodly percentage of them are getting the publication, but a better percentage are NOT READING IT.*

"The big point I want to get over to you is that we are watching this publication, that we appreciate it has great possibilities, and immediately it is proved definitely to us that it is worth while, we will be able to sell it to our clients and sell it in a big way. We shall have to have special information, however, before we can attempt to sell THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY story.

Very truly yours,

L....B....H...."

(The italics are ours)

Now this letter will show you pretty clearly the situation that we're up against as far as some advertisers and agencies are concerned.

All the talk—all the arguments in the world—won't count with Mr. L. B. H.

It's facts that he wants.

Facts that will show that he is wrong in his opinion.

And you, readers, are the ones that can furnish them.

You must see by this time why it was that we asked you, two weeks ago, to write us a letter that we could show Mr. F. W.

Or again—last week—if you hadn't written that letter, to fill out the coupon we ran, and send it in.

And again—we ask you, if you haven't done so as yet, to write us.

Letters which we can show to Mr. L. B. H. and F. W. and prove that they are dead wrong.

We want to have the pleasure of riding down the street with two or three truck loads of letters.

And of escorting Mr. F. W. and L. B. H. in turn down to see them.

And of crowing over them a bit, and saying, "I told you so."

And then of closing some nice advertising contracts with them, which they'll no longer have the slightest excuse for not giving us.

So again we say—if you haven't written—Do it now.

THE ADVERTISING MANAGER,  
1311 G Street, N. W.,  
Washington, D. C.

## Bottling Up the A. E. F.

(Continued from page 22)

censor solemnly cut it out. I asked why.

"So far as the censorship goes," said he, wagging his head, "the lips of the American expeditionary force never touch liquor."

I WONDER if American readers really thought the boys never touched what they called *vin blanc* or *vin rouge*, *cognac*, *marc*, *mirabelle*, and the various other country-made forms of hooch which the hospitable French proffered.

A little further on in that same story, I told of the boxing bouts in the afternoon. I described how the French country people stood round to watch the strange American sport in which two good friends stood up and banged each other on the nose, and how they turned away a little "when one of the lads got his claret spilt." And the censor cut that out.

"What do you want me to do," I asked. "Say he got a bloody nose?"

"Oh," said the censor, "I thought you meant he had been drinking claret, and got a punch in the stomach."

In November, the censorship was noticeably less severe. Just before the armistice, General Edwards having been relieved of the command of the Yankees, our remaining guardsmen who commanded—Brigadier General Cole, Colonel Logan and Colonel Hume—were all relieved by General Bamford, who took the division when Edwards was sent home.

On December 7, General Cole was returned to his command. He had needed nothing more than a simple reply to the charges against him, and never even had a hearing.

I got a copy of that reply—no matter how—and on it built the "lead" of that week's story. By this time the censorship rules had been almost wholly relaxed. Incidentally, my copy had to be censored in Paris, the field censors having gone forward with the Army of Occupation. Incidentally, also, the censor at Paris was a new man.

Of course it was mere justice that the story of General Cole's complete vindication should be sent home, as the story of his removal and of the charges against him had been. There was no military information to be given to the Germans now; the war was over.

But the censor cut the story completely out—with scissors. This was the first time any censor ever did more than cross out what I had written.

I said, "May I put in a note here, to explain to my paper what has happened where this hole is?"

"Yes," said he. And I wrote, and he stamped with his official seal, and I sent home, and the *Boston Globe* printed in black-faced type, the following:

NOTE

"The facts concerning the removal and return of General Cole to his brigade are held by the censor to constitute criticism of the army, and have therefore been deleted."

Oh, well!



## Confessions of a Top Kick

(Continued from page 13)

I passed it back: "Hole ahead" and when it had got back a few yards they were whispering: "Two are dead." We were going across a plank over a shell hole and I whispered: "Be wary" and the rear half of the line got their gats ready when somebody shouted: "Jerry."

WHEN we got the platoons located we were two men shy. After a search, we sent back a report of the two "missing in action," but they were at battalion headquarters back of the lines when a runner got there with the casualty report.

They had dropped two sacks of chow when the word "Jerry" was passed back and the line had moved on before they had got their stuff together again. After that we went slower with "missing" reports. Experience proved they usually turned up, if not with our company, with another. We used to swap men a good deal that way.

Once we sent a runner out to get a gas report from the gas noncoms. He got lost in No Man's Land and two or three of our men took pots at him before he staggered in, shivering like a leaf. I had seen that man go up against Boche machine guns without a show of fear. He just didn't like the idea of being bumped off by one of the home folks. Sometimes we would provide a wound-stripe for men in the wrong trenches. Once when drinking water was scarce, the orderly for the battalion gas officer made tea with water from a shell hole. The lieutenant and a captain thus became our first gas casualties, and the little stripes appeared on the right sleeve.

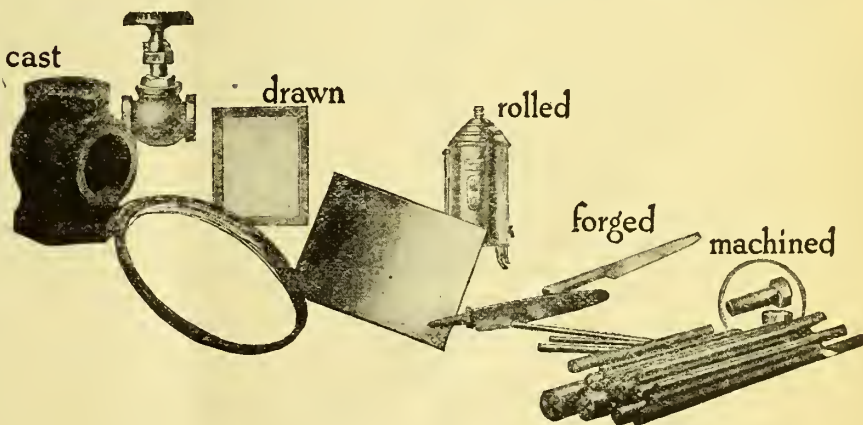
A top kick's job is never any snap—in the line or out. In the line there are no snaps, from buck to brigadier, but I believe a first sergeant has it about as easy in the line as any place. You're all in the same boat in the line, officers, men and top sergeants. Top sergeants certainly are not officers, and sometimes they can't very well act like enlisted men. They're sort of betwixt and between. But in the line you're all exposed to the same dangers, all eat the same chow and all feel about equal. The little company troubles that vex one out of the line do not exist when you are fighting.

The armistice ended the war for everybody except for the first sergeants. Then's when I thought sometimes that the war had just begun. Our outfit didn't get to Germany, and we lay around those God-forsaken mud-holes in France week on end waiting to go home. Everybody had a grouch. The men would go A. W. O. L. by the squad if you didn't watch out. Those were the days when the top kick lost personal friends and won his hard-boiled fame.

Another war may come along before my kids are big enough to do squads east, and so it may be up to me to haul down the old musket and flock along. But, believe me, brother, when they try to slip that ace of diamonds on to my sleeve, right there is where I am going to do something, and either get promoted or busted, I don't care which.

# INCo MONEL metal

Resists Acids—High Temperatures—Corrosion  
Superheated Steam—Salt Air—Never rusts.



MONEL Metal is a perfectly balanced natural alloy composed of 67% nickel, 28% copper, and 5% manganese and iron. It is non-corrodible, will not rust, strong as steel, tough and ductile.

—Withstands the erosive action of superheated steam and corrosion met in such power plant equipment as valve trim, pump rods and liners.

—Resists acids and alkalies and so is generally used in manufacturing parts of bleaching and scouring machinery, dye house and like industrial chemical equipment.

—Never rusts, which makes it valuable for window screens, marine fittings, kitchen equipment, golf club heads and a great variety of other uses.

MONEL possesses a marked advantage over any other available metal or alloy for hundreds of purposes both industrial and domestic where a combination of great strength, non-corrodibility, and durability is required.

Can be machined, cast, forged, rolled, drawn, brazed, soldered, and welded by electric or oxy-acetylene method. Takes and retains a perfect nickel finish.

Our experience as sole producers of MONEL Metal since its discovery in 1905, is at your disposal through our Sales or Technical Departments.

*The International Nickel Company has served industry for more than half a century through the production of a wider variety and increasing number of better Nickel products. In purchasing INCO Monel Metal, INCO Nickel, and INCO Nickel Salts, you are assured of the highest and most uniform grades of Nickel that the world produces.*

## THE INTERNATIONAL NICKEL COMPANY

43 Exchange Place, New York, N. Y.

The International Nickel Co. of  
Canada, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.





# Information

The Weekly will undertake to answer practical questions affecting the interests of men who were in the service. Questions will be answered in order of receipt, but precedence may be given questions of wide public interest.

## Histories

THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY desires accurate information concerning all histories which have been, are being, or will be published, of divisions, battalions, and other organizations of the army or navy. This information is necessary in answering numerous inquiries received for same. If you know of any let us know about it and in that way you will probably help some other buddy out. Give name of book, organization or unit, author and publisher.

## Victory Medal Requirements

To the Editor: Is a soldier who did not get to go overseas entitled to get a Victory medal?

PETER G. KONOMOS

Gary, Ind.

All enlisted or commissioned men or women who served on active duty in the United States Army, Navy or Marine Corps, at any time between April 6, 1917, and November, 1918, at home or abroad, and whose service has been honorable, are entitled to the Victory medal.

## Retainer Pay for N. R. F.

To the Editor: Where can I obtain my Naval Reserve Force retainer pay? New York, N. Y.

W. B. ORR.

All letters and claims concerning Naval Reserve Force retainer pay should be addressed to the Navy Allotment Officer, Navy Department, Washington, D. C. It will aid in hastening reply if writer will state full name, date of enrollment in the N. R. F., rank or rating in which he enrolled, amount of retainer pay received, if any, and whether on active, inactive duty or discharged.

## \$60 Bonus

To the Editor: A man enlisted in the National Guard June, 1917, was called into Federal service July, 1917, and discharged from service March, 1918, by reason of fraudulent enlistment (being under age). Is such a man entitled to the \$60 bonus?

ROBERT B. BARKER.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Persons discharged by reason of fraudulent enlistment are not entitled to the \$60 bonus.

## Allotments Overpaid

To the Editor: After I was discharged from service my allotment continued to come to my allottee for some months. What disposition should I make of such funds now on hand?

Winfield, Kans.

E. H. BECK.

This money, if checks have been cashed, should be returned to the Bureau of War Risk Insurance, Treasury Department, Washington, D. C., with a full

and complete statement of what it covers and why it is returned. If checks have not been cashed they should be returned to whatever source they emanated from.

## Exchange of Uniforms

To the Editor: Will you kindly inform me if I can exchange my summer uniform for an O. D. uniform?

FRANK F. FITZGERALD.

Manchester, N. H.

If you elected to draw an issue of woolen uniform but were unable to obtain same and received a cotton uniform instead, then you must submit affidavit to that effect to the Zone Supply Officer or to the Supply Officer of the camp, military station, or post nearest to you, and you will then be given a woolen uniform for the cotton one you now have. However, if you elected to draw the cotton uniform at the time you were discharged, there is no authority to exchange same for a woolen one.

## Submarine Record

To the Editor: I would like to know how many submarines were sunk or captured before the armistice by the U. S. Navy. Also how many subchasers were sunk or destroyed and their official numbers.

LEO A. PAYNE.

Glengarry, Idaho.

The Navy Department will give no official figures covering the number of submarines sunk or captured by our Navy owing to the difficulty of verifying results of attacks on enemy submarines, although United States vessels have been officially accredited with twenty-four successful attacks on enemy submarines. The degree of success in these attacks varies between "Slightly damaged" and "Known sunk."

Seven subchasers were lost during the war but none as a result of action with the enemy. They were S. C. Nos. 60, 117, 132, 141, 187, 209 and 219.

## Purchase of Helmet

To the Editor: Where can I buy a helmet? I did not get overseas so cannot get one issued to me.

Gorman, Tex.

E. G. BERGTL.

Helmets may be purchased at any Army Retail Store.

## "Jacob Jones"

To the Editor: Will you please publish the number of men lost on the torpedo destroyer Jacob Jones. How many men did the destroyer carry?

Tampa, Fla.

M. SEVERSON.

Two officers and sixty-three enlisted men were lost on this destroyer. She carried eight officers and one hundred and three enlisted men.

## To Prevent Infection

New-Skin is a genuine anti-septic.

It has the power of destroying germs of infection.

This is demonstrated by scientific tests.

Use New-Skin promptly, as directed.

"Never Neglect a Break in the Skin"

NEWSKIN COMPANY, NEW YORK

**What 15 Cents Will bring You From the Nation's Capital**

The little matter of 15 cts. in stamps or coin will bring you the Pathfinder 15 weeks on trial. The Pathfinder is an illustrated weekly, published at the Nation's center, for the Nation; a paper that prints all the news of the world and tells the truth and only the truth; now in its 27th year. This paper fills the bill without emptying the purse; it costs but \$1 a year. If you want to keep posted on what is going on in the world, at the least expense of time or money, this is your means. If you want a paper in your home which is sincere, reliable, entertaining, wholesome, the Pathfinder is yours. If you would appreciate a paper which puts everything clearly, briefly—here it is. Send 15c to show that you might like such a paper, and we will send the Pathfinder on probation 13 weeks. The 15c does not repay us, but we are glad to invest in new friends. The Pathfinder, Box 590, Washington, D. C.

## DISTRICT MANAGERS WANTED

Opportunity to become distributor for nationally advertised, long established, auto specialties. No competition. Unusual cooperation furnished to energetic hustling man or firm, one having a car preferred. Exclusive rights to real representative. Must finance small initial order. Unusually liberal profits. Write, giving address and telephone number. Alcerno Mfg. Co., 151 Bridge Street, Newark, New Jersey.

## SPEAK A FOREIGN LANGUAGE!

The War has created unlimited opportunities for those who know SPANISH, FRENCH or ITALIAN. Now is the time to better your position or increase your business. Learn quickly and easily, at home, during your spare moments, by the LANGUAGE PHONE METHOD and Rosenthal's Practical Linguistry. You listen to the living voice of a native professor pronounce the foreign language, over and over, until you know it. Our records fit all talking machines. Write for booklet, particulars of trial offer, easy terms.

THE LANGUAGE PHONE METHOD  
945 Putnam Bldg., 2 W. 46th St., N. Y.



(Continued from page 9)

A congressman requests the home address of a man who enlisted from his district.

A mother requests information regarding time and place of death of her son who was killed in action.

A man requests that it be noted on his discharge that he "was a distinguished student at the quartermaster school." This man was dishonorably discharged.

The questions run the whole length and breadth of human nature, and the old service record is still on duty.

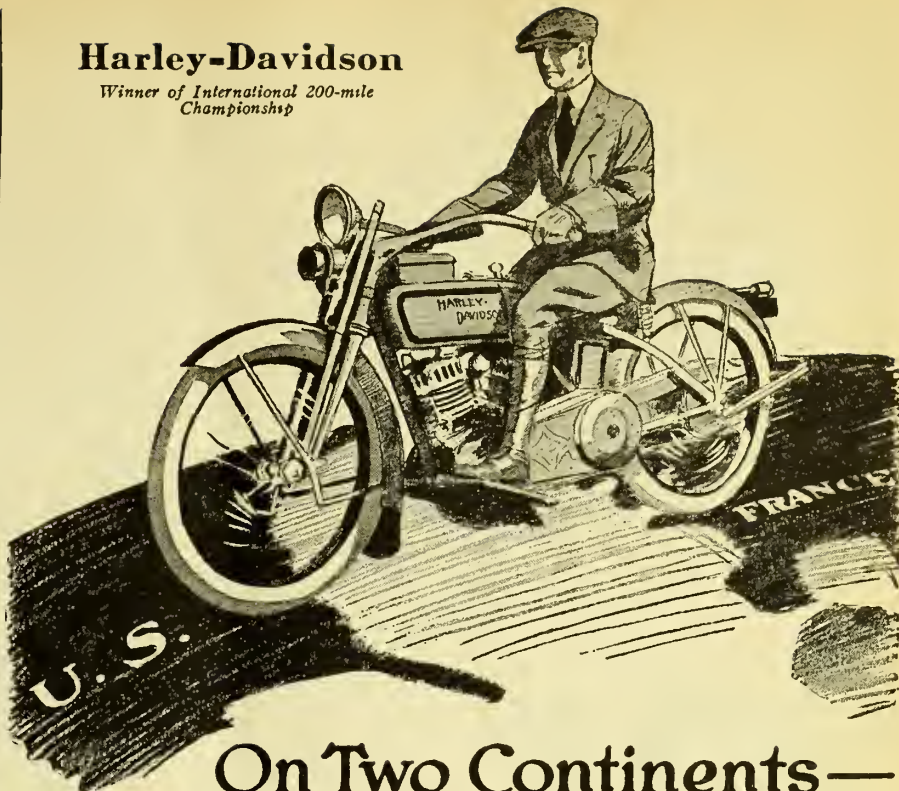
Following the action of the Hamilton District War Chest, of Hamilton, Ohio, which donated \$9,500 to Frank Durwin Post No. 138, of that town, the post this month opened one of the most thoroughly equipped clubrooms in the state. Surplus funds of the National League for Women's Service and the Home Guard Regiment have been turned over to the post for maintenance expenses.

Outdoor art is being used by Paul A. Stanton Post No. 205, of Philadelphia, in its campaign for funds and members. On a high wall illuminated by flood lights a local artist paints immense pictures while the crowds look on, and near him a sculptor models giant bas-reliefs of historic characters.

Citizens of Vern R. Glick Post, of Chillicothe, Mo., are back of a movement to erect a \$200,000 convention hall in that town, in return for which the post is to have permanent quarters of the building rent free.

Downers Grove, Ill., may be somewhat overshadowed by the city of Chicago to the east, but its women are boasting that they had the first American Legion auxiliary in their county, and the membership gauge is still going up.

*Winner of International 200-mile  
Championship*



# On Two Continents— The Mount of American Legions

It is the chosen mount of the red-blooded man who wants to keep the out-of-doors close at hand—only a jaunt away—so he can enjoy the sports of all the seasons to the fullest.

Ridden solo or with sidecar, the Harley-Davidson travels 40 to 60 miles on a gallon of gasoline. Other upkeep costs are low in proportion.<sup>1</sup>

*Ask Your Harley-Davidson Dealer  
About His Easy Payment Plan*

**HARLEY-DAVIDSON MOTOR CO.,**  
**MILWAUKEE, WIS.**

# Harley-Davidson “World’s Champion”

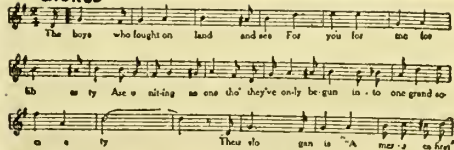
# COMRADES

HERE'S A SONG WRITTEN ABOUT  
US FOR US BY TWO OF US

## AMERICAN LEGION

GET YOUR COPY OF THE AMERICAN  
LEGION AT YOUR DEALERS OR SENT  
POSTPAID UPON RECEIPT OF 50 CENTS  
— OTHER HITS YOU SHOULD HAVE ON YOUR  
DIAPO — COMMON SENSE — BABY EYES —  
IN WALKING ROUND THE SINGLE — TULAN  
DOESN'T — ONE — IS TRAIL TO MANY —  
50 CENTS EACH

**CHORUS**



The boys who fought on land and sea For you for one too  
Liberty Are winning as one tho' they're only be gun in to one grand go  
on a ty These slo gen us "A meri ca first"

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C. SHARPE MINOR COMPANY

FERGUSON BUILDING

MUSIC PUBLISHERS

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.



## Just Like the Hawaiians!

Our method of teaching is so simple, plain and easy that you begin on a piece with your first lesson. In half an hour you can play it! We have reduced the necessary motions you learn to only four—and you acquire these in a few minutes. Then it is only a matter of practice to acquire the weird, fascinating tremolos, staccatos, slurs and other effects that make this instrument so delightful. The Hawaiian Guitar plays any kind of music, both the melody and the accompaniment. Your tuition fee includes a beautiful Hawaiian Guitar, all the necessary picks and steel bar and 52 complete lessons and pieces of music.



**Send Coupon NOW**  
**Get Full Particulars FREE**

First Hawaiian Conservatory of Music, Inc.  
233 Broadway NEW YORK

I am interested in the HAWAIIAN GUITAR. Please send complete information, special price offer, etc., etc.

NAME.....  
ADDRESS.....  
TOWN..... A.L.W.

**\$25.00**  
**FOR THIS**  
**MADE TO YOUR MEASURE**  
**ALL WOOL SUIT**

Every suit made to individual measure from the exact fabric you select and according to your exact specifications. We ship it on approval, delivery charges prepaid, for you to try on, to inspect and examine. Unless you are well pleased your trial order will not cost you a cent.

**BIG CATALOG FREE**

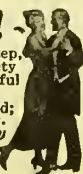
Send postal today for copy of our big catalog and style book with 52 cloth samples of the very finest, high grade fabrics and latest, New York and Chicago styles. It shows how any member of your family can take your measures. We guarantee a perfect fit. By dealing direct with us, the manufacturers, you save the unnecessary expense and profit of agents and obtain the very highest grade of tailoring at a saving of 25% to 40%. Write today for catalog and information.

**THE BELL TAILORS**  
Adams at Green Street, Dept. 511 Chicago, Illinois

**HOME STUDY**  
(28th Year) Address  
Courses in more than 40 subjects are given by correspondence.  
**The University of Chicago**  
(Div. 27) Chicago, Ill.

**9 PAYMENTS**  
monthly buys outright any stock or bond. Purchaser secures all dividends. Odd lots our specialty. Write for selected list and full particulars - FREE.  
**CHARLES E. VAN RIPER**  
Member Consolidated Stock Exchange.  
50 BROAD ST. NEW YORK

**Learn to Dance!**  
You can learn Fox-Trot, One-Step, Two-Step, Waltz and latest "up-to-the-minute" society dances in your own home by the wonderful Peak System of Mail Instruction.  
New Diagram Method. Easily learned; no music needed; thousands taught successfully.  
Write for Special Terms. Send today for FREE information and surprisingly low offer.  
**WILLIAM CHANDLER PEAK, M. B.**  
Room 304 - 821 Crescent Place - Chicago, Ill.



## How to Get the Magazine

**M**ANY Legion members have written in for more information on how to get the magazine. They know that it is included with the national dues of \$1.00 but are in the dark as to just how to proceed.

Individual members must subscribe through their local posts and the posts must make their remittances through their departments in order to get the dollar-a-year rate.

The departments then send the lists of names and a remittance of \$1.00 covering each name to the National Treasurer, in care of THE AMERICAN LEGION Weekly, 1311 G Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

Upon receipt of these names the magazine adds them to its mailing list as rapidly as the mailing stencils can be cut.

When the magazine was started, on the recommendation of a Publication Committee last July, it was decided by National Headquarters that it be sent to all members who paid 25 cents national dues for 1919.

Every name actually received by the magazine from a state organization or local post up to the time of the Minneapolis Convention was added to the mailing list. This practice had to end sooner or later on account of the excessive cost to National Headquarters, and the date of the National Convention was fixed by the Executive Committee as the date for sending the magazine thereafter only on receipt of the \$1.00 dues. This was necessary on account of the heavy cost of production and the fact that the magazine had a very limited revenue.

It was decided by the new National Executive Committee at its meeting November 13, immediately after the convention, that the members then on the mailing list should continue to receive their magazine until they had had an opportunity to pay their subscription for 1920, which became payable January first.

On December 12 the following bulletin was sent out to all department organizations for the information of all concerned:

To State Commanders:

Supplementing telegraphic communication sent you this date, the following detailed bulletin is sent you covering payment of national dues:

The national dues of \$1.00 provided for by the Constitution of The American Legion as adopted by the Minneapolis Convention, are payable January 1, 1920, covering subscription price to THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY for each member of the Legion.

In order that all present and new members may have their names entered on the subscription list of the magazine promptly, it is urgent that these remittances be made at the earliest date practicable, and by return mail where possible. Make all checks and money orders payable to the National Treasurer, The American Legion, and address the remittance, together with the list of names to the national treasurer, The American Legion, in care of The American Legion Weekly, 1311 G St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

The National Executive Committee, at its initial meeting at Minneapolis, November 13, 1919, made the following decision which should be communicated to all local posts where that has not already been done:

All members whose national dues were paid and recorded up to November 11, 1919, shall

be carried on the mailing list of the magazine up to December 31, 1919.

Any new members shall be carried up to December 31, 1920 upon payment of the national dues of \$1.00.

Therefore, new names cannot be added to the mailing list of the magazine unless accompanied by \$1.00 remittance covering national dues.

The present mailing list of THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY is approximately 350,000. These names were submitted prior to the Convention, and their subscriptions were covered by the national dues of twenty-five cents up to the time of the convention.

The \$1.00 national dues covering subscriptions for the fiscal year, January 1 to December 31, 1920, will be due from these 350,000 members of the Legion on January 1, 1920. They will be continued on the mailing list only a reasonable time to permit the receipt of the prescribed dues. Remittances are receivable now.

In view of the fact that it costs approximately 4 cents a copy to deliver the magazine to a member, and that the cost to the member who receives the magazine throughout the year is less than two cents per issue, thus creating a situation where the difference between profit and loss must be made by national advertising, it will be seen that the acceptance of subscribers in large numbers without any payment by them would quickly create a greater deficit than the Legion's magazine could meet.

FRANKLIN D'OLIER,  
National Commander.

A large number of posts have persisted in sending their lists direct to the magazine. In fact a majority of the names received so far have come direct from posts.

The magazine adopted the policy of adding these names immediately to the mailing list. It has added names just as soon as they were received.

This action was based on the theory that when a man has paid his \$1.00 he is entitled to receive the magazine just as quickly as possible.

While it is not sound administration and will work a hardship on some departments in keeping their records, the magazine felt that the records could be cleared up later so long as proper information was sent as rapidly as possible to all departments.

Those in charge of the magazine felt that the period of transition and organization was not the time to keep men waiting weeks and months for an army type of first indorsement. The practice of receiving names and remittances direct from posts, however, cannot be continued indefinitely and posts and members are urged to remit through their respective Department headquarters in order to prevent delay and confusion of records and to comply with the national constitution.

During the months of December and January a total of 99,589 names were received by THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY in daily remittances running as high as 8,500 for a single day. These were added to the mailing list as rapidly as stencil cutters could do the work. When the stencil cutting facilities of the magazine were overcome immediate arrangements were made for additional facilities outside so that at no time was there any delay in adding the names received.

On Sunday, February 1, the only names that had not been added to the mailing list or were not in the hands of the stencil cutters were a total of 7,747 which had arrived during that day.



# Deaf to the Honeyed Voice

(Continued from page 8)

fall to the lot of a private, has this to say:

"Regardless of party affiliations, the returned soldiers, as I find them, are going to demand candidates who are upstanding Americans, who believe in law and order. The military man realizes there can be no real liberty without the orderly process of law.

"The primary test of every candidate will be his Americanism and his belief in organized constitutional government.

"The soldier is not going to stand for any demagoguery. The man who gets his vote must be on the dead level."

This man has found that "no demand exists for service candidates as such," but, he adds, "there will be, and should be, soldier candidates, although this will not necessarily be their sole qualification."

"The soldier," he went on, "will demand a candidate of whose loyalty and service during the war there was no doubt. The candidate need not necessarily have been in uniform, but he must have contributed something toward winning the war."

A second lieutenant of the Air Service, one who enlisted as a private, went to France as a cadet and there marked time for six months because someone had blundered, thinks the candidates, regardless of the office sought, will have to be "clean cut" and above "narrow, partisan politics." "These are days of much moment to America," he insists, "and the public officials must be big enough to meet the issues.

"Because official retrenchment is necessary everywhere in order to cut down expenses, efficiency must be insisted upon. The candidates must give promise of bringing modern business methods into our government machine. The start now being proposed in Congress authorizing a budget for the national government might well be emulated by state, city and county administrations. The nation's business methods need a thorough overhauling.

"NATIONALLY, I want men who are big enough for the job, men who do not think 'something is wrong in America,' men who know the nation is right, men who believe in America."

The broad Americanism demanded by these two is sought by others.

"I intend to vote for candidates who I believe fear nothing and nobody," asserts a former navy lieutenant. "I want officials who are not afraid to defy the I. W. W.s, the Bolsheviks, and all the other Reds for fear of losing a few votes. I want men who will dare go after the profiteers without being afraid of affronting the business interests."

A sergeant who recalls many rough rides in the Tank Corps observes:

"I have no patience with the four-flusher. I intend to vote for men who are short on promises and long on performances."

The governor of a certain southern state has expressed the viewpoint of a great many former service men. Speak-

## Make Up for the Hard Days Rest Easy on a Simpson Pillow Top



The insignia of your own division, your own regiment, reproduced in actual colors in a rich, heavy, serviceable felt pillow top.

We want to make one to order for you—you and every other man of the First Division. No keepsake coming from a First Division man could be more appropriate—no memento more striking, useful or permanent.

These are de luxe pillows—made by hand, of the heaviest felt that can be used for pillow tops, the official insignia correctly patterned, the colors fast dye. And the size, 24x24 inches, makes a pillow amply large enough to afford solid comfort for weary heads.

### Special for This Month.

We will send you one of these handsome pillows on approval for ten days. See how your friends like it, too, before deciding to keep it. Your money will be promptly repaid if you should want it back for any reason.

We are making a drive for the First Division patronage this month, and as an inducement to you to send your order promptly, we make a special price of \$5.00 (regular price, \$5.50), postage paid, during February.

### Send No Money.

Fill in and mail the order blank below, and the pillow will be sent by parcel post, C. O. D., as soon as it can be made up.

**MARCUS SIMPSON, 470 Eighth Ave., New York**

MARCUS SIMPSON & CO., 470 Eighth Avenue, New York:

Please fill my order for 14 Division Pillow Tops per your offer in February American Legion.

Enclosed find \$..... for.....pillows at \$5 each.

Regiment,.....Company,.....Battery.  
Check colors preferred: Maroon top with white or gold letters Blue top with white or gold letters

Ship to.....

Street address.....

City.....State.....

It is understood that I may return the pillow tops within 10 days if not satisfactory.



### If You Have a Friendly Feeling for France

you will be glad of the chance to secure all the views you wish of any and all towns you are interested in.

We've gotten together sets of every town and section. These views are the special French process post-cards in black and white.

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10 different views of any town you name..... \$ 1.00

25 of France's most beautiful cathedrals .. .75  
100 different views of Paris..... 2.50  
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Size	Tires	Price	Size	Tires	Price
30x3.....	\$5.50	\$1.00	34x4.....	\$3.75	\$2.60
30x3 1/2.....	6.50	1.75	34x4 1/2.....	10.00	3.00
31x3 1/2.....	6.75	1.85	35x4 1/2.....	11.00	3.15
32x3 1/2.....	7.00	2.00	36x4 1/2.....	11.50	3.40
31x4.....	8.00	2.25	35x5.....	12.50	3.50
32x4.....	8.25	2.40	36x5.....	12.75	3.65
33x4.....	8.50	2.50	37x5.....	12.75	3.75

Send \$2.00 deposit for each tire ordered, balance C. O. D. Tires shipped subject to your examination. State whether S. S. or Cl. plain or non-skid is desired. All same price. By sending full amount of order you can save 5 per cent—our special cash-with-order discount.

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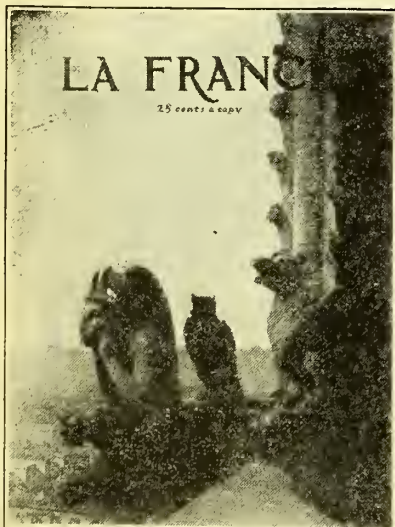
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All of these are covered every month in an entertaining manner in "La France"—a beautifully illustrated American magazine, with enough French to enable one to keep up his knowledge of that language.

For \$3.00 you can send "La France" to your doughboy for a year—a year full of pleasant memories renewed and many new things gained.

Sample copies sent free on request

### Special Offer

We will send *La France* for 6 months for \$1, under our special trial subscription plan, if you act at once, and mention the American Legion Weekly.

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220 WEST 42D STREET, NEW YORK

ing, as he said, the language of the "common people of whom he is one," the governor recently told a distinguished gathering:

"I am not afraid of the followers of Lenine and Trotzky overthrowing this government; I am afraid of the weakening of the people's chosen representatives when the political terrorists come around and attempt to bulldoze them; I am afraid of the modern-day tendency to compromise with nationalization and socialization schemes. I am afraid of setting up preferred stockholders in this government, many or few, at the expense of the great mass, for all these things, when begun, lead inevitably to but one end, the destruction of our form of government.

"There is just one overshadowing issue before the American people today, and that has got to be fought out before the solution of anything else will mean very much to us. That vital question is whether this government, constitutional and representative in form, is to be preserved as our forefathers created it and handed it down to us.

"I DO not fear its overthrow by those fellows who argue with bomb and the torch. Those two arguments will cost much money and some lives, but we can deal with them. The danger does not lie there, but it lies in concessions made by your legislative bodies and your public officials; it lies in concessions made by politicians bidding for votes; concessions made to radicals who pose as leaders of groups but who are in fact as much Bolshevik at heart as Lenine and Trotzky."

It is plainly evident that the soldier vote will exercise a wholesome influence in American politics this year and in the years to come. Early signs are that all service men, without attempting to do so, will make their influence strongly felt. A higher standard of Americanism is en route. Office holders will be required to be as courageous politically as their fellow-citizens were physically fearless in the days prior to November 11, 1918.

"If I was willing to stake my life for a principle," asks a veteran of the Argonne, "why shouldn't an office holder risk his job when he is right?"

Section three, article two of the Legion Constitution says: "Each member shall perform his full duty as a citizen according to his own conscience and understanding."

This language is clear. Applied to the soldier vote collectively it means that the individual soldier will vote as his conscience dictates. If he was a Republican before the war, chances are he will vote the Republican ticket, provided the individual candidate measures up to his standard. By the same token the man who has heretofore endorsed Democratic policies and candidates is likely to do so again, but, of course, with the same reservations.

But indications are pretty clear that the soldier will not vote for Bill Jones merely because the Republican district organization says he is all right, nor will Jim Smith get *beaucoup* service ballots just because the Democratic leaders give him an O. K. Both Bill and Jim



must be 1920 model candidates, not of the type made obsolete by the war.

**CHANCES** are that where the soldier, speaking genetically again, is just naturally bound to vote the Republican or Democratic ticket because it is a well-established habit in his locality, he will make his influence felt during the primaries.

Experience of soldier candidates for lesser offices shows that for the present at least, the candidate will have to offer something better than a mere military record. If this were the only qualification it would easily be seen that you and I and all our buddies could immediately get into the game and get ourselves elected to some office.

A military record will be a tremendous advantage, an asset whose value can't be discounted, but it will not alone suffice. It is noticeable that most of the early offerings in the crop of soldier candidates are men who have had a taste of politics before the war. In their case the war has helped to whet their appetites. It has given them an additional excuse to gratify their ambitions.

## The Navy Marks Its Own

(Continued from page 15)

claimed, and then caught himself in time to explain that a scoffer is an ill-mannered eater.

The "quiet little evening at home" was an unbroken bucking nightmare. He started to tell a story of a C. P. O. who was called before the mast and sent to the brig on white wine and angel food and then busted for breaking liberty. It took him until eleven o'clock to explain that he meant a chief petty officer had been on trial and sent to the ship's jail on a diet of bread and water and reduced in rank for overstaying his shore-leave. After fighting his way to a point at which everyone seemed to understand what he had told them he decided to run for bed before becoming involved again.

"I guess I'll swing the old hammock to the billet hooks," he announced. "It's about time for my watch below."

"It's too late to sit out in the hammock," his mother said.

"I'm talking about bed," he said. "Watch below means sleeping time. A real bed'll go great. I've been sleeping in a coal chute for so long I've——"

"A coal chute—why, Jack, I thought you said——"

"A coal chute's a dirty hammock, mom. I guess I can sleep in in the morning, can't I?"

"Sleep in what?"

"Sleep in—I mean sleep after reveille—I forgot there wasn't any bugler to wake me. Yell when you want me to rise and shine—I mean get up. Well, keep her straight ahead." And off he went to bed.

But it was the same ordeal when he awoke, and for the days that followed. He couldn't get off the high seas. The house was always the ship, the floors the decks, the wall the bulkhead, the posts the stanchions, the ceiling the overhead,

From its very inception, officials of The American Legion have sought to make it plain that, as set forth in the words of the Constitution:

"The American Legion shall be absolutely non-political and shall not be used for the dissemination of partisan principles or for the promotion of the candidacy of any person seeking public office or preferment. No candidate for or incumbent of a salaried elective public office shall hold any office in The American Legion or in any department or post thereof."

There are men in Congress and throughout the country who firmly believe that the Legion can and may be swung this or that way to the advantage of certain fortunate individuals. These men fear the soldier vote, yet they respect it. They have yet to learn that The American Legion is a non-political body with but one purpose in view—that of making a greater and better America.

They are learning that the soldier vote can neither be bought nor sold, that the soldier vote is demanding higher standards, better Americanism, an uncompromising stand against Bolshevism and for greater public efficiency and, above all, political honesty.

the stairs ladders, the windows ports, the kitchen the galley, and the attic the fighting top or crow's nest.

**W**HEN he told his young brother to "pipe down" his mother thought the youngster had been caught smoking, but Jack convinced her he meant only "be quiet." Again the parent was worried for fear her sailor son had taken to strong and demoniacal drink when he announced he was going to "cork off," but he only intended to take a little nap, not a little nip.

His mother wanted to take him calling with her.

"Ease off; I don't want to hear any scuttle-butt news," he told her. She understood after some words that he meant "Get away; I don't want to hear any gossip." Finally he consented to go if she would "stand by" a few minutes. When she found out he meant "wait," she did.

"All right," he said at last, "let's shove off."

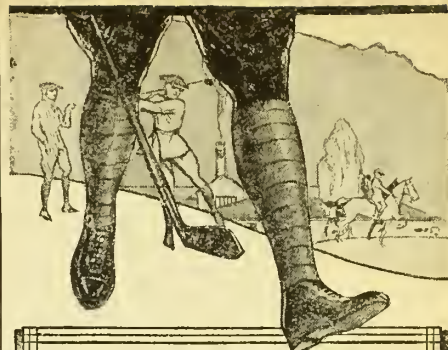
"Shove off what," she asked in bewilderment.

"Let's leave," he said with a sigh which disclosed the impatience that was gradually coming over him.

The following day when he telephoned from his father's office and asked his mother to bring with her when she came down town "that little gadget up in my room" she arrived with an arm full of things, all of which he had at one time or another since his return, referred to as a gadget.

"Well, what is a gadget?" she demanded.

Jack's face took on a puzzled look. He might have said it was a gillhickie or a gimmick, but that was as far as he could get in explanation. To a sailor a gadget is



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## 37th DIVISION

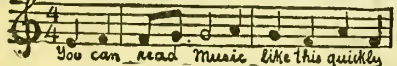
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anything on which the name happens to fall for lack of ability to recall its proper name.

There was hardly a moment that Jack wasn't either involving himself in some complicated verbal mire or extricating himself from an entanglement of the sort. His mother was deeply grieved at what she termed his insolent and impudent names for various persons. He called the captain of his ship "the old man," referred to all marines as "leathernecks," to all sailors as "gobs" or "flatfeet," to the master-at-arms of his ship as "old jimmylegs," to the bugler as the "wind-jammer" and insisted on calling everyone he met "Jack." His father's secretary he insisted was "dad's yeoman" and when his mother asked how he knew the man belonged to that lodge he dropped the title and made things much worse by calling the gentleman in question "old pen and ink" or the "quill pusher."

On one of the "quiet evenings at home" a terrible clatter which arose in the kitchen disturbed the peace of the family. Jack made a rush for the scene and came back apparently satisfied with his investigation.

"What on earth is the matter out there?" his mother asked.

"Oh, nothing. Charley Noble just fell down."

"What, a man in the kitchen?" exploded Mrs. McDizzy, and made a rush for the spot.

Jack caught her in time to prevent a scene that might have resulted in the cook breaking her iron-bound \$5,000 a year contract, but it took him the majority of thirty minutes to explain that "Charley Noble" was a naval term for the galley, or kitchen, smokestack.

And so it went. Jack mentioned the fact that they had "smoking lamp" on board the "battlewagon."

"Why didn't you trim the wick?" his mother inquired solicitously.

Jack registered disgust, disdain, unrest, regret and sympathy in one look as he announced that "smoking lamp" was the manner by which a period during which smoking was permitted was designated at sea.

And the ex-sailor's troubles were not confined to his family. Guests always wanted to know why his trousers were flappy at the bottom, whether his little white hat wasn't always blowing off, and asked so many questions that he finally decided to get into "civvies."

"I'll have to cocaine my neck to do it," he told his father. "I haven't had a collar on for two years. But it has to be done in self defense."

Even with the change the verbal questionnaires didn't stop. His girl

wanted to know what those red lines on a sailor's sleeve near the wrist meant.

"Those are hash marks," Jack said.

"Oh, I don't mean those stains on the front of the blouse," she came back.

Jack swallowed what he wanted to say. "Hash marks don't come from hash," he said. "A hash mark is a red stripe worn to show that a sailor has done a hitch."

"Hitch?" You mean that he's married."

"No, no,—naw," said Jack. "A hitch is an enlistment."

The McDizzys began to notice Jack's unrest. At first their attitude had been one of disgust at his strange language of the sea, a disgust that equalled his own at their inability to understand it. But when they began to see that he was becoming uneasy they adopted conciliatory tactics to such an extent that they had almost decided to learn sea talk themselves to make the boy feel at home.

It was just about this time that the affair that made such plans unnecessary took place. Jack's aunt had come to spend a week or so. She had slept late the first morning.

"Go up and knock on Aunt Lucy's door and wake her up," his mother told him.

It had been many a day since Jack had had the privilege of rousing someone out of bed. Thoughts of the rude jousts he had received at the hands of salty masters-at-arms took possession of him. As he climbed the steps they became a ladder and he was back at sea.

A sense of propriety and a locked door interfered with a few of his plans. He paused at his aunt's room.

"Rise and shine, you sea-going sailors," he sang out. No answer.

"Heave out and lash up," he bawled. Then with a vicious bang on the door.

"Hit the deck, you appleknocker."

"Yes," came a feeble voice.

"Out you go," yelled Jack.

"I'm awake, really I am," came the voice.

"Prove it to me," came back Jack. "Show a leg."

"Jack," came up from below in his mother's most emphatic tones. Jack knew what was coming. He knew that the explanation that showing one's leg over the side of a hammock was proof of wakefulness in the Navy, but he knew just as well it wasn't a term that could be employed in arousing maidenly aunts.

He slipped noiselessly down the back stairway and out into the street.

Half an hour later a boy delivered a note to the McDizzy home. It read:

"I'm shipping over. Don't ask me what that means. Just address my mail to the U. S. S. *Whiffenpoof*."

An honorable discharge looks the same as a union card to the Colorado State Federation of Labor, which is behind the campaign to bring the job and the former service man together. In a letter to the governor's committee for the relief of discharged men, President G. C. Bulger, of the state federation, wrote that his organization "stands ready and willing at all times to lend assistance to the returned service man, whether he be union or non-union."

Every member of Motor Service Post No. 793, Brooklyn, N. Y., is a gasoline-soaked veteran who served with the motor corps overseas. All members of Motor Supply Trains 413, 414, 417, 418, or 419 in and around New York are asked to communicate with G. I. Hackenberger, 2109 Avenue J, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Cabled press reports say the Germans evacuated Danzig in January without a hitch. Practice makes perfect.





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